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No. 42

**TWILIGHT.**  
  
A long, low room, with oaken-paneled walls, and narrow windows looking to the west. A quiet room, where flickering firelight falls on folded hands of one who sits at rest; Who rests and listens in the twilight gloom. To hear the straining of many voices low, That rise, and fall, and flutter through the room.  
Is worldless but maddening still; now, With a sigh, and quiver, like the leaves, Of rose, and purple, royal gold, and gray; Green leaves are trembling in the breeze of even.  
The nightingale's sweet voice comes o'er the way.  
While overhead, in skies serene and far, Rhines, like an angel's smile, the evening star.

The long, sad hours of garish day are past, The long, hard years of life are over at last. Life's twilight hour before their long repose, A blessed eve-time of love and home.  
Before the shadow of that darkened balsam Where the dead body sleeps in the tomb, And through whose awful mist Death's angel calls.

The sweet strains rise and fall; the twilight grows deeper in the room; but peace is here.

Unto that listener's heart from far away, A moment with whispers of a morn songful and beautiful, prophesied to last When noon of earth and nights of death are past.

**ELAMA,**  
**THE TWIN SOUL.**

BY G. LEON GUMPERT.

"The awful shadow of some unseen power Floats, though unseen, among us." —Shelley.

**CHAPTER I.**

**THE AROMA OF THE CHARNEL HOUSE.**  
  
Doctor Paul St. Jean isreaking his way through the blank blackness, the fetid atmosphere of the narrow stairway leading into the demonstrating room of Martin's College, when, as he reaches the dimly-lighted passage, branching off to the dissecting-room, he stumbles upon a figure groping along the banisters in advance of him. There is a mutual exclamation and recognition, for nobody can see in this dismal place.

"It's you, Eustace?"  
"Hello, Doctor!"

"Hello, young fellow! You're late at it-to-night. I came back on purpose for you. The gis' outside. It's raining. Only a shower, I hope. Come along!" "Wait! wait!" exclaimed the other, quickly; "there's a new subject here! A woman—a beauty—a magnificent beauty, Doctor! I want you to see her. They brought her this morning. She makes me nervous. I'm so shaky to-night at the sight of her face that I tremble all over like a baby. I can't tell why. I suppose I want a tonic. But she fascinates me. I was going back to take another look at her!"

"The deuce!" laughed the Doctor; "why aren't you used to it yet? You sicken at the sight of blood and death like a sissy! Let's see the beauty! Where is she, Eustace, my boy?"

"Lyng as if asleep, on the first table. Covered up from the vulgar eyes and hands of the heathen students, thank God! It doesn't seem like death, Doctor! Yet it's more beautiful than life. You remember our conversation of last night about the spirit that illuminates and quickens the miserable body. I was thinking of that spirit, as I looked at her and she seemed to smile. Of course it was only fancy. Come in and see her."

"Have they all gone?"  
"All. They left an hour ago. We're all alone."

The rickety door gives a scream as he pushes it open, and the dim gas light flares blindingly in the doorway.

The gashly chamber, pervaded with that dreadful aroma of the charnel house, that sickening, indelible odor of corruption which is never to be forgotten or effaced by those who have experienced it, is long and low, and on this night is lost in dismal gloom at the lower end, where the gas is out. The students have disappeared. Over one table hovers a feeble glare from a solitary burner, that blinks in the horrible twilight of the place, like the phosphorescence of rottenness. There is a funeral succession of tables extending down the room, each covered with its pall of black muslin, enclosing dread horrors, and blood-stained and vile to sight and smell. A grotesque piece of stove-pipe twists itself across the white-washed ceiling and crawls into the far wall, like a distorted serpent.

"Put up the gas, Eustace!" says the Doctor, taking a cigar from his case.

The Doctor is a pale, handsome man, of about forty years of age, a strikingly intellectual looking man, with bright grey eyes and grizzled-black whiskers, and hairtinged with white.

Eustace Marvin, his friend and pupil, is his junior by at least ten years, yet he looks older than his master, and more care-worn and paler. The young man's brown eyes glitter almost feverishly; there is a gleam in them that is wild—morbid, one might say, yet as fascinating as strange.

The body has been shrouded in a sheet; over this is thrown the usual black cloth covering of the cadaver.

The Doctor moves the white cerement

gently from the face and pauses a moment, as if the countenance, Medusa-like, has petrified him where he stands. Then he speaks softly and musically, looking at the face with a riveted gaze.

"This is the Sphinx whose questioning we shall never answer! She is indeed beautiful, Eustace. She seems asleep!"

He touches the cheek with his finger, gently though, as if he feared the contact might rouse her.

"Why, my boy, she's not been dead twenty-four hours! Not twenty-four!"

"Do you say so, Doctor?" says Eustace, his wild eyes growing wilder. "Is it true?"

"No—it is death!" responds St. Jean.

"But where did she come from, I wonder?"

He was silent, and Eustace asks:

"Don't mention graveyard in the same breath with her, Doctor. I'm

sensitive, I know I am. I am not like these bacchanals of students who turn their studies into orgies, even in this room. I cannot account for it, but I must repeat that I am dreadfully conscious of a perturbation in my whole being—to-night—my physical being—my psychical being—and the awful magnetism of this poor body here keeps me constantly in its thrall."

Doctor St. Jean makes no reply. His eyes are closed. He is standing in deep meditation for the moment. Then he holds up his cigar to the gas burner, lights it and puffs a faint cloud, which floats above the body like a nebulous spirit.

"Yes, Eustace!" he says at length, speaking in almost a whisper, and with his eyes still fixed on the beautiful clay before him, "it is as you say. There is a subtle magnetism about this mysterious subject. The students must not pollute this. They shall not. I will see to that."

"I love you for saying so, Doctor!" replies Eustace; then after an interval, "notice the exceeding fineness of her hair. What a gorgeous wealth of golden tress. Luckily that has so far escaped vandals."

He walks around the table and surveys the body from every side, while the Doctor, growing bolder and bolder, envelops the whole place in mist, and the odor of tobacco somewhat neutralizes the sickening atmosphere.

"Possibly we are so interested in her," speaks Eustace, "because the season is nearly over, and the tables all empty of subjects. She is the first one we have had for a week. They finished the last one, I believe, a night or two ago."

"I am interested in her deeply," rejoined the Doctor. "I have seen, in the course of my studentship and practice, hundreds of beautiful women, but never one so perfect as this one. Never such a faultless piece of sculpture as this one. Never such a one as thrills me like this one does."

"The face is like a face that I have so often seen somewhere—either in life or in a painting," replies Eustace. "It is an uncommon face, but I imagine I have seen its counterpart."

"Come, come, my boy," says the Doctor, "let her rest in peace. Cover me a few bid, and bid her good-night." As he speaks he folds the sheet again gently over the features and covers the body over all. Then he emits a dense cloud of cigar smoke, as a possible apology for speech.

"This is a filthy, detestable place. Loathe the sight of it!" says Eustace, glancing about the apartment. "And the friend only knows what ever led me to choose medicine as a profession. I'm sick of it."

"Humbug!" replies St. Jean, "you're not. You are more enthusiastic than ever, old man. This room, I confess would be a morsel better for a little scrubbing and carbolic acid, and we must set Jacob about it this night. I can't help thinking of this woman, Eustace. She puzzles me. I'll swear there's some mystery in the wind. Depend upon it she's been smuggled into the College. Depend upon it. However, I'll find out. Things have been going on too loosely here of late. We must stop it."

The Doctor, while speaking walks over towards the window and continues: "Let's have a breath of air, here. It's a cursed absurdity to keep these shutters everlasting closed."

"Stop! Doctor! See! Look there!" cries Eustace, with an expression of terror, as he points his finger towards the body. "What is that? that, that glows so palely upon her there like a flame?"

"That!" answers the Doctor, laughing. "Why you non compos! What is it but moonshine. Moonshine, my boy! See the shower is over and there comes in from your dear chink a slender."

"Doctor! I know'd it was you! I've been hantin' you all over! Your man's down there with your vehicle; say he can't wait much longer; told me to find you and bring you down directly! He's been out there like a ghost!"

The Doctor walks to the window and pushes open the shutter. A broad flood of pale light streams into the room.

"See! There's plenty of it. What a glorious night! We will have a charming ride home, old fellow. The Heavens are intense with nebulae to-night, too. Look there! The moon cannot extinguish the stars. There is Saturn, low down, just over the roofs yonder."

Eustace has joined him, and exclaims: "What makes you notice Saturn, Doctor?"

"What? Why, what do you mean? By Jove, I think you're a little flighty to-night, Eustace. Delirium of fever, hey?"

"I was thinking of Saturn at that very instant, Doctor. I had a most strange dream of Saturn last night. Two weeks ago, at the invitation of Professor McClure, I accompanied him into his observatory. The Professor was then engaged in a profound study of the satellites of Saturn, and he excited my curiosity about that planet. I glanced into the long tube of the telescope

"Tell my man," says the Doctor, "to remain there till I choose to come. I want no more of his orders!"

"Yes, sir," Jacob prepares to shuffle a retreat.

"Stop!" cries St. Jean. "It's strange you can't keep this place in better order, Jacob. Why it's detestable! Look at the great splashes of blood on the floor and walls!

"Look at the dirt and confusion! There's no air in the room, no ventilation, no light, no order! it's outrageous!"

"Well, Doctor, you see I've been so busy with one thing and another, and renovatin' and 'melloratin' things down stairs, that I haven't had a spec' of time to devote myself to the patrofation of this here room; but I'll fit it the first thing in the mornin', Doctor. That'll be all right, mark my words!"

"I'm afraid you're getting lazy, Jacob.

**CHAPTER II.**  
**FOR THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE. FOR THE DOCTOR'S DRIVES.**

"Well, you, gentlemen," begins Jacob, "I got up this mornin' about four o'clock—may be it wasn't only half after three. It wasn't quite light yet. I had lots to do, puttin' things to rights, cleanin' chemical apparatus, removin' diagrams, et cetera—bein' now as lecture is over. Well, as I was sayin', I got up and went down stairs and lighted the gas in the dispensary, and began sweepin' and dustin', and fixin' things here and there, when all of a sudden I heard the sound of wheels outside and a vehicle stops at the door. I goes to the door and looks out, and there's a big, covered furniture wagon. While I was standin' there a man comes up to me and asks me if this was Martin's College. I says, 'Yessir, it was.' He was a colored man. As soon as I told him he calls out to some one in the wagon, and out jumps another colored man and a white man. The white man says to me: 'This is the place we want; you're the janitor, and y'all? I didn't give him no satisfactory reply, for I was riled and mad, and then he says again: 'Bent' you the janitor, say?' I says, 'Who you talkin' to?' He says: 'Why, I'm talkin' to you, you old bonescraper.' Says I: 'Who's a bonescraper?' Says he: 'Why you are, dang you.' 'Well,' says I, flarin' up with a repartee, 'if I'm a bonescraper, what are you, eh? What are you but a danged old body snatcher and——'"

"For God's sake, stop this balderdash," interposes the Doctor; "tell us in a few words what happened."

"Says he: 'Give us a lift here.' Says I: 'I'll see you smothered in sulphurated hydrogen afore I'll give you a lift, sir.' No, I won't give you a lift, eh?' I says. 'No, I won't; go ahead your business. Say he's comin' up and shakin' his fist in my face. 'You darned old white-headed resurrectionist, I'll show you!' With that I grab my broom and——'"

"I told you to stop such jargon, Jacob. I can't stay here all night to listen to this nonsense. Let me anticipate you. You saw the wagon stop; you went out, two men addressed you, they wanted you to help them in with a dead body they had in the wagon, this body, here," pointing to the subject. "You refused, but finally did help them in with it."

Jacob replies by a succession of nods.

"So far, so good," speaks St. Jean, "go on."

"Well, they tell me she'd been layin' down at the morgue two days, and as nobody didn't come to claim her, they brought her up here. I told the man he was a liar. Says I: 'Where's your authority?' Who told you to bring her here, say? 'Where's your certificate?' Says he, 'I uppin' on an oath.' Just you mind you're not affraid, says he, 'till we're to her out,' says he, 'we're goin' to her out,' says he."

"It must be in my coat pocket."

"Where is your coat?"

"Now, since I come to recollect, Doctor, it seems to me it's in the laboratory—if I ain't mislead, it's in the museum. If I ain't mislead, it's in the dead room. I know I had it on when I went up to conduct her over to the dissection room. It was warm work, Doctor, warm work!"

"Don't stand here talking. Go find it!"

Jacob at these peremptory words, shuffles from the room, and is heard muttering and mumble as he limps up stairs again. The Doctor then calls to his driver.

"Joe! You can get ready now." Then turning to his young friend, who has all this time been unwontedly silent, he says:

"Eustace, old man, you look tired. Get in the carriage and go to sleep."

"No, I am not tired, Doctor, thank you, but I am oppressed with a most strange, most inexplicable lethargy as if I had been drugged. It will pass in a moment. I will sit here a minute."

He sinks upon a lounge and closes his eyes.

"Why, what the deuce ails the boy?" exclaims the Doctor. "He's as white as a corpse and as tremulous as a girl. Eustace, old fellow, what's the matter?"

The Doctor grasps the young man's hand and feels his pulse.

"He's fainted!" Here Joe, Joe, run, get a glass of water as fast as you can. I wish I had some brandy." Poor nervous boy!"

Why he's like death, Eustace."

At the same instant that poor frightened Joe hurried into the room in answer to his master's call, there is heard a heavy fall outside in the passage and a groan, and into the apartment dashes the janitor with a livid face and anguished expression.

"Help me, Doctor!"

"What the fury is all this?" cries the Doctor, with an angry stamp of his foot and his pale face tinged with a flush of real anger. "What the fury is this?" says he.

Eustace and his swoon are altogether forgotten in this new excitement, and poor Joe stands helplessly bewildered in the centre of the apartment, a ludicrous picture of amazement, while the Doctor, catching the tottering janitor by the arm, exclaims:

"What do you mean? Can't you speak?"

It is plainly evident that he can't speak.

He has been stricken dumb through fear. After an interval he means forth:

"It is—he is—"

"Speak out! speak out!"

"She's got up and dressed herself."

"Who?"

"The woman, the cadaver!" She dressed herself in black and passed me in the—museum. Oh, God—or—else—its ghost! So help me God, Doctor, I saw her!"

"Nonsense! How much gin have you been drinking to-day, man?" cries the Doctor, his face resuming its wonted pallor and even exceeding it. "A ghost! bah!"

Where's the card?"

He sees the poor fellow makes a mechanical clutch at his pocket.

"There," blurts out the Doctor with a terrific energy of voice, "git it to me; and now get some brandy from the dispensary as fast as your larynx will carry you! There is a sick man here. Hurry up!"

The fellow disappears for a moment. He knows by instinct where the brandy bottle is, puts his hand on it in the dark and hobbles back with a countenance full of unutterable misery, but when he returns the



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patient has opened his eyes and is looking around him in amazement.

"Where have I been, Doctor?"

"Asleep, boy. You're tired out."

"Are you going now?"

"At once." Turning to Jacob, "Get up that glass there. That's it," pouring out a small quantity of beer, and holding it out to Eustace. "Here, boy, take a sip! You need strength."

Eustace rejects the draught and says:

"Pah! Thanks for your attention, Doctor, but I'm all right now. Let me be going."

The Doctor, handing the glass and bottle to Jacob, who appears as thirsty as miserly, and who takes occasion togulp the brandy down while the Doctor's back is turned, says:

"As soon as I look at this card, I'm off."

He glances at the square of pasteboard which the janitor has handed him, and his expression at once grows terrible.

"Merciful God! Is this all they gave you, man?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"You accursed! In the name of all the fiends and angels of heaven, what do you mean?"

"What is it?" cries Eustace, leaping from the lounge and trembling and panting, tottering towards the Doctor. "Let me rest."

"Look what is written here, Eustace. Authority?" "Certificate?" Confusion? This is managed finely here. Read this! Read the card!"

Eustace, glancing at the paper, cries out like a weasel, those words written in a bold hand on the card:

"For the cause of Science? For the Doctor's benefit?"

### CHAPTER III. A MYSTIC PRESENCE—A SUPERNAL ENTHUSIASM.

It was the morning succeeding the strange scene at the College.

Dr. St. Jean was seated in his library, a snug room on the first floor of his rural home, and, bending upon the events of the past night, he lost sight of the open volume of Swedenborg upon his knee, and indulged in visions every way as weird as those of the author before him.

The apartment was suited to such varieties. Two walls of the room were literally crowded with books of all shapes, colors, and sizes, books that were fresh from the press, glorious in scarlet and gold, and books that seemed as ancient as thought itself, worn-out and dust-covered, the veritable sepulchres of dead thought.

A spacious grate with a festooned mantel full of bric-a-brac of the oddest description, and in the most picturesque confusion, formed a third angle of the room; while the fourth was mostly given to a lofty bay-window open to the verdant garden, and in which were placed luxuriant couches with cushions for the head, and fitted with adjustable reading-stands. These couches were lit with newspapers and magazines, as was also the rich Oriental carpet at their feet. In a niche or closet with a glass door opening from the library near the window was a bizarre assortment of apparatus—chemical and medical, surgical instruments, anatomical preparations, and, strangest of all, a collection of the wild and supernatural mechanisms projected by the late Professor Hare, for the purpose of testing "soul" or spiritual presence as manifested upon matter.

A more fantastic assortment of queer things was seldom seen, but the Doctor's house seemed the abode of queer things.

It was long after breakfast and Eustace had not yet made his appearance. The Doctor and his sister Bertha, an amiable lady some ten years his senior, had discussed the meal in the easy, little bachelor dining-room, and the topic of conversation was the event of last night. St. Jean had told Bertha merely enough of the story to excite her curiosity and superstition. He had not mentioned a word, however, of the sudden and unaccounted illness of Eustace at the College and the scene succeeding it.

After breakfast, the Doctor sought distraction in his book and a cigar, but the impressions of that one night of mystery and dread were too strong to be vanquished by study. The Doctor yielded to his thoughts in spite of himself.

Who was this woman? Why was he constantly thinking of her? Her mere presence in the dissecting-room had not affected him; he who had witnessed so many forms of death, but it was the strange thought that had ever possessed him from the instant he had beheld her stretched on the table, a form of majestic loveliness in the midst of that horror and gloom, that he had instinctively not pitied, but loved that shape—loved the dead form before him. Why, he could not tell! That was one riddle of the many to be solved.

But when he came to read that terrible card with its vague words implying even in their utter truth everything revolting and suggestive of even crime, he was raised to a pitch of emotion as unaccounted as it was profound.

The dead woman! The card! Two links of a fearful chain! The ghost that might there not be something in that? The swoon of Eustace, might not that have some mysterious connection with the apparition?

A stroke of the silver bell of a tiny clock on the mantel, brought him back to himself, and he exclaimed:

"Ten o'clock! And no Eustace! I must be off to College again! The College attracts me now like gravitation!"

He leaped to his feet, and touched a bell cord. A servant appeared. A very funny looking, little man-servant, with a large shock of hair, and a face like a mask—a absurd mask—a picture of a servant who moved noiselessly and the mechanism of whose movements seemed of the simplest construction.

"Knock at Mr. Marvin's door; and then tell Joe to hurry up the gig."

The groom nods his head and disappears, as they do in the pantomime.

The Doctor, who had followed the servant out into the entry-way, met Bertha approaching him with a lovely bouquet of roses and honeysuckles.

"I have been in the garden, Paul," she exclaimed, "and I have made up my mind to take down with you."

"Thanks, my dear." The Doctor inhaled the fragrance of the flowers rapturously.

"But Eustace?" she asked, "is he ill?"

"I hope not, sister. I have just sent up for him. He appeared to be wearied out last night, bodily and mentally. He's a fell boy, I'm afraid. I'll go to College without him this morning. Ah! here's the gig, now."

"And here's Eustace himself!" exclaimed Bertha, as that inapplicable young man appeared on the stairs in his morning gown, and with a strange flush of color upon his face that rendered him really handsome at that moment, exclaimed:

"Good morning! But, Doctor, I want to speak to you—one word—here, just a moment!"

"Good morning, Eustace!" cried Bertha.

"Are you better?"

Eustace designed no reply.

"Why old man! you're an early riser," laughed St. Jean.

"I will explain my lateness," replied Eustace quickly. "Come, a word with you."

"Jump into the gig here, after your coffee; we can chat on our way to town." "Impossiabile!" returned Eustace. "I must see you—now I—at once—alone!"

"Very well. What's the mystery now? Come into the dining-room."

"I do not wish any breakfast, thank you."

"A cup of coffee, surely?"

"Well—so go it—a cup of coffee."

Eustace descended the stairs rapidly, and carrying in his hand a morsel of paper, and touching the Doctor on the shoulder, motioned him over in the direction of the dining-room.

Bertha, following an impulse, left the two alone, and vanished into the library.

When they reached the dining-room, Eustace closed the door leading into the passage, somewhat reluctantly, and then exclaimed:

"I have something startling to tell you, Doctor."

"Out with it, then! For I haven't ten minutes to spare, my dear fellow. I'm late as it is! Unless you accompany me?"

"Once for all tell me you cannot go! I am serious, and I wish to speak to you seriously."

"An impulse dictated—made—led them both to run to the window. She passed on to the door.

"My God!" gasped the Doctor. "We are surely mad, or else this is the reality of the apparition! And she is coming in here!"

"It is the woman of the dream, herself," murmured Eustace.

"Might it not be that, in your trance, in a state resembling somnambulism, you wrote it unconsciously?"

"Possibly."

The Doctor said again, —slow—wonderingly:

"The Fourth Satellite of Saturn—Alma. This is a secret, mortal poison. By the way, were we not talking about Saturn, last night? Now in the name of wonder cause is it to think of Saturn?"

"It was just at this instant, when Eustace was about to speak in reply to the Doctor, that he suddenly stopped and turned. They heard the garden gate shut, and somebody running up the gravel walk. They did not see the visitor at first, but when they caught sight of the figure, had become pale. Eustace leaped from his chair and passed through the window.

It was a woman who passed the window, dressed attractively in rich and deep mourning. Her veil was up and they beheld the lovely face. A pale pale face, with just a tinge of rose upon the cheek, a face a daintily formed, a firm but beautiful mouth, the large eyes heavy with strange tears, and shadowed by grief, the small ears, the dimpled chin, the wealth of golden hair."

An impulse dictated—made—led them both to run to the window. She passed on to the door.

"My God!" gasped the Doctor. "We are surely mad, or else this is the reality of the apparition! And she is coming in here!"

"It is the woman of the dream, herself," murmured Eustace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### LOVE'S ARTIFICE.

BY O. H. KAY.

"There's no use talking further on the subject, Therese," said M. de Lincourt, one day to his daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen; "to-morrow you must marry Henri Duval or take the veil!"

Therese de Lincourt pouted at these words, and held up her pretty, white hands in protest.

"But one week longer, now, after per," she pleaded, "and then, if you are still of the same mind, I will object no further."

"We have already had delay enough," firmly replied M. de Lincourt.

"And, apparently highly irritated, the father hastily quitted the apartment, leaving his daughter in tears.

Therese de Lincourt, young as she was, had a will of her own, and she had long ago determined, come what would, never to wed Henri Duval. The underlying cause of her first determination in this particular was that she loved another man. That other man was an unknown scribbler of the *Quartier Latin*, named Auguste Dupont. Of course Dupont was poor, and of course he was in an octopus of debt in *contrary Paris!* M. de Lincourt was rich and Therese was his only child. Henri Duval was the dissipated scion of an old family and his father, (of whom he was the sole heir), had proposed his union with Therese to de Lincourt. As the side Duval was fully as rich as de Lincourt, the latter had reluctantly accepted this proposition, never in the least considering that his daughter's consent to the arrangement was at all necessary. As for Dupont junior, the prospect of being immediately cast off and eventually disinherited had been cast off and sufficiently dismalihered to drown all his objections.

"A truce?"

"Truly, Doctor, for I seemed to cast off my body as a garment, and freed from the inserted clause of lay to behold it—my image—an apparently profound stupor, while I, hovering about it was sensible of a delight I cannot name—a joy that neither woe nor optimism can give, an intimation that was indescribable. It only lasted an instant. Some noise brought me back to myself. With a sudden pang, I awoke and became aware of the horrible chaos of the office, poor frightened Joe, the drunken janitor, and all the terror of last night."

"But, my dear boy, time flies; what has this rhapsody to do with what you want to tell me?"

"Everything! Listen. Just now I retired late. In fact I did not retire at all. I never undressed. I threw myself into the large arm-chair near the window, took a volume of Poe and began reading "*Mesmeric Revelations*." I became also bedded in a train of thought suggested by the narrator, when happening to look up from my book, I was stumped to behold, seated at the little writing-table near the fire-place, a woman. She was writing. She wrote long and swiftly, and when she had finished, she lifted her face and looked at me. I saw her as plainly as I see you now. A pale, pale face with just a tinge of rose upon the cheek—no delicately curved, a firm but beautiful mouth, the large eyes heavy with strange tears and shadowed by grief, the small ears, the dimpled chin, the wealth of golden hair."

And she sat down at her writing-desk and rapidly penned a brief note. This she carefully sealed and sent immediately to its destination, by a smart-looking page who was her devoted Mercury.

She was down at her writing-desk and rapidly quivered at the sound of his voice.

"Her woman's writing was at work."

Suddenly she stopped short in her walk, put her hand to her forehead, and hit her lower lip thoughtfully, disclosing as she did so a set of faultlessly white teeth.

Then a tiny smile broke out on her countenance and gradually rippled all over it, until she gave vent to a triumphant laugh.

"*C'est troué!*" she cried joyously, "the way is found! Aha, M. Duval, if you would win Therese de Lincourt you must have all the wisdom of Solomon and more than the cunning of the serpent!"

And she sat down at her writing-desk and rapidly penned a brief note. This she carefully sealed and sent immediately to its destination, by a smart-looking page who was her devoted Mercury.

The note was directed to Auguste Dupont.

The unknown scribbler received it as he sat in his attic, planning a sensation play that was to make him rich and famous, and involved in a cloud of thick tobacco smoke.

Mercury stood in the cloud, like some apparition conjured up by magic, and handed the delicate missive to him with a profound bow.

Dupont broke the seal and read as follows:

"My dear—My father says I must marry your rival to-morrow or take the veil. I have decided to take the veil."

Therese read the note with a smile.

"I am a woman of the *Quartier Latin*, dramatic poet, at your service!"

"Great Jove!" cried M. de Lincourt, bitterly.

"A dramatic poet for my daughter's husband! Disgrace has indeed fallen upon my house!"

"And what have you on which to support me?"

"I have nothing!"

"I am a party to this horrible deceit."

"I am!" replied Henri, with maudlin dignity.

"And what have you to say?" cried de Lincourt, sternly, turning to his daughter and frowning terribly.

"Simply this," responded Therese: "you wished to marry me, without my consent, to a man I did not love, and I had to recourse to woman's wit to save me."

"And now, who are you?" asked de Lincourt, abruptly addressing his new son-in-law.

Then he hurried towards the Hotel de Lincourt.

He met the page and was led to the *boudoir* of Mlle Therese.

With what a tumult of emotions he met the girl of his love.

Therese de Lincourt smiled as she took his trembling hand.

"I'm going to be a nun, Auguste," she said, mischievously.

"You are going to be a—a—pshaw," said Therese, in a tone of reprobation.

"Yes, Auguste, I'm going to be a nun, and that is, if I don't marry you!"

Dupont clasped her in his arms and actually kissed her.

The entrance of Mercury put a stop to further love-making.

He handed Therese a slip of paper on which was written:

"Your whim is a foolish one, but I will humor it. You shall marry M. Duval at noon-to-morrow."

Therese handed the slip to Dupont.

"It is my father's hand," she said.

Dupont read it and stood bewildered.

The slip seemed to imply that Therese had consented to wed his rival, and stated, in so many words that the ceremony was fixed upon for the following day. There was some grave misunderstanding somewhere, that was evident. Dupont could not reconcile the implication of the note with the words and actions of Therese, a few moments before its receipt.

"What does this mean?" he asked, in a tone of alarm. "I thought you were going to be a man or marry me, and now it turns out that you have consented to wed my

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## "BLISS IS THE BRIDE THE SUN SHINES ON."

"Ah, you! 'tis a very old saying; no doubt; but come, sit still, and listen; say 'Yes,' 'tis just the old, sweet, timid way."

And never a master goes trumpling forth to the bark, by her chosen one's side, But gives thanks if the beautiful sunshiny rays

Show the morning that sees her a bride.

Ah! day of all days, with its smiles and its biles,

With its orange-wreath, fading, but sweet;

Ah! day of all days, when the paths are so bright

That seem the jutland fleet.

Bright eyes may grow dim, and glowing cheeks fade,

Show may fall on the sunniest hair,

But never a heart will grow sober or sad;

That ever love's blessings can share.

Yes, 'tis the bride that the sun shines on!"

But thrice blest are the wives who can say—Love's sunlight that gladdens my bridal morn

Grows brighter and brighter each day."

Aye, bien each fair bride, and hallow the

Environs with favors and flowers,

But crown the glad homes where love's beauties walk

Old age, and its calm, silvery hours.

## WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM?

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Author of "A Woman's Pow'r," "Wrong from the Grove," "Husband to Which," etc.

(This story was commenced in No. 20, Vol. 26. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE SECRET INTERVIEW.

To say that Castleton Vane was astonished at the mysterious and disagreeable agent of Mr. William Whitfield, whom he had believed to be still occupied with the affairs of "Swallow's Nest," would but feebly express the emotion which he experienced.

There was something more than mystery; there was, as Castleton Vane on sober reflection could perceive, cause for absolute alarm, if not for himself, at least for the interests of his client, in this evident surveillance, and the equally palpable desire to escape observation and even recognition.

That some cowardly and villainous scheme was afoot, he did not for a single moment doubt, else why should not Mr. Miles Gay have sought him out, as it would have been only natural for him to do, and inform Iola or himself of the arrangements which he had made, that could thus have enabled him to dispose of John Whitfield's estate, and to do so much more rapidly than he had expected, in their footnotes.

Unfortunately for Castleton he had not yet identified Miles Gay and his traveling companion, Ned Scott, as one and the same person, and consequently he was forced to conclude that some more hurried journey had enabled the former to overtake them on their route, for some sinister purpose.

He was young, and therefore to a great extent inexperienced in the ways of the world. Reared, as he had been, by one whose example and precepts had been of ready as loyly a type as those of Markham Dennis, he could not have been expected, let his name be quickened, to run away to know the extent of villainy often found even in the bosoms of men who are not ranked with the worst order of their species, and consequently, as we have said, the new role, which Miles Gay had adopted, under the alias of Ned Scott, had completely hoodwinked him for the present.

"I shall force him to an interview," muttered Castleton, angrily; "and try, if possible, to demand from him the meaning of such conduct. That he is leagues with young Whitfield and Malvern Cushing to defraud Miss Dore out of her inheritance—if villainy can accomplish it—I make no doubt; but what can be hope to gain by striving to remain incog? He will be compelled to pardon my intrusion when I offer as an excuse the desire to hear from far and dear friends whom he has seen since our departure."

In a moment he had mounted the steps and was likewise knocking vigorously at the door. It was some time before there were any evidences from within that he had been heard, until finally the tottering steps as of an old man, were distinguished advancing down the bare passage, and when the bolt had been withdrawn a shrunken, toothless, wizened face appeared in the half open doorway.

"Vat ist dat vot you want?"

"I want to see Mr. Miles Gay, the man who came in this door but a moment before I knocked."

"No, ich nicht furstand!"

"Hark you," said Castleton, by this time thoroughly irate, "I will make you understand me in five seconds, with the worst thrashing you have ever had in your life, if you do not answer me and take a message to the man I want to see!"

Despite this fierce exultation of young blood, the stolid German was about to close the door again in his face, when maddened beyond every consideration of prudence, Castleton Vane sprang forward in the twinkling of an eye, and seizing the villain by the arm, presented a pistol to his head.

"Speak, or by Heavens, I'll put you to bed, you the power of understanding, to see!"

Desperate acts of homicide were not so common here, but that the old man grew fearfully alarmed in an instant, and growing yet more shriveled and wan, began to tremble as though he were about to fall to the floor.

"Mine! Got! what is dat you say? I answer you wit'out der pistol. What is dat you want to know?"

"Ah! you can speak a little English, I see," said Castleton, without relaxing his hold. "Now take me at once to the man who has just entered this door."

"What man?"

The pistol seemed threatening again, when the man lifted his hand once more in abject fear.

"Oh, for de lub of de good God, don't shoot! What for you de lub of an ole man what done wrong him? What has never seen de like of you man? Tell me what man you mean? I been in mine kitchen, and so many folks come in and out, I never tell what you mean."

"I mean a man calling himself Miles Gay," said Castleton, slowly. "A man who has recently been to the East and has just get back."

"Miles Gay, just got pack from de aist. I know no such man. Oh, mine God, I must tie because I don't know one man, and because he no come to mine house! If dish be one free counthir may de imps of

tyranny take me pack to mein faderland."

His terror and anxiety seemed now so genuine that Castleton removed his grip to the arm, and giving him a vigorous shake, said: "Let me see the man who has just come in; a man with black eyes, and a nose something like your own; a man better dressed than the majority of your visitors. I am losing patience again, and I want you to take me to his room at once."

"Mine God, he had no room here. There is no nose, with plack eyes like mine, in dish country. You search mine house. You go to every room from kitchen to garret, you find no such man. You can see all mine porters, but two in de par room, and deus you may look into all the rest. You deus mit me to his room at once."

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Castleton Vane, concluding that Miles Gay might be known under an alias here, and that the seemingly stupid foreigner might not in reality know whom he meant, concluded to take him at his bidding and follow him in.

Looking into the bar-room he beheld quite a number of ill-looking individuals with glances of malice, or, yet rather, on looking over in any of the rooms which he looked could he discover anything of the man whom he was seeking. Conscious that some trick had been played upon him, though not exactly understanding how, he returned to the outer door, puzzled and indignant, looking sharply, meantime, at his stupid cronies, with half a mind to inflict the threatened castigation, upon the supposed culprit of the shoulder, which curving his angry impatience, he walked out at the door, with no increase of good humor from the fact that, as things had resulted, he was conscious of having cut but a bad figure by his intrusion.

"How mean you?" she asked sharply.

"This, my dear young lady—or madam, as you prefer. He does not know of the tether which binds you, and is making calculations upon winning you for his own."

"Have I not warned you," she interrupted angrily, "that you would broach that subject at your peril? How dare you to work my ruin amongst you, to bind me with chains which I cannot break, and then budge me—adden me with reminders of my thralldom, with every breath?"

"They tell me that at the time you were a not unwilling captive," she returned, "but of course, of the shoulders, which were too strong for him."

"Hold!" cried Iola, sternly, "again hold in Heaven's name. You shall not profane that noble father's name by taking it upon your lips. I will not hear you."

"I beg your pardon. What a child you are!" cried Mr. Miles Gay gaily. "Were it not for the claims of your handsome cousin Bill, I should certainly enter the lists against this blooming young knight, for your favor. But I was going on to say, when, with your delightful enthusiasm, you interrupted me, that you had never shown so delighted with the country around here—that what could have attracted her I can't see—that she declared she must put on her hat and take a little walk."

"Did any one go with her?"

"No, sir. Jane Yeates offered, and so did I, thinking she might be afraid; but I gave something like a nod, my dear mother, and started off."

"What direction did she take?"

"Down the street, sir, from here. That is all I can tell you."

"How long has she been gone?"

"Half an hour or thereabouts, sir."

Castleton turned back again with an anxious look that he could not repress.

"Was this prudent?" he thought. "In a settlement like this, where a woman of any respectability or delicacy of appearance is seldom or never seen, she may be rudely snatched at, spoken to, insulted. She must consider me justifiable in going in quest of her, I am sure. Yet what could have been her reason for objecting to have one of her companions accompany her."

While Castleton Vane was pursuing the irregular so-called street in a wrong direction, we will return to Iola Dore, who was greatly disconcerted, had gone with his companion Ned Scott, as one and the same person, and consequently he was forced to conclude that some more hurried journey had enabled the former to overtake them on their route, for some sinister purpose.

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meddlesome fool, who has undertaken to accompany you, back about his business."

"You know that I cannot," she cried, vehemently. "You know that if I were to insist upon his doing so, he could refuse from the authority with which my Uncle has vested him."

"You think, then, that he may be selfish like the rest of us, and push on, in consideration of the handsome remuneration he is to receive when your affairs shall have been settled according to his desire."

"No, sir, no?" she returned angrily. "I do not believe that self is in all his thoughts. He wishes to discharge the trust reposed in him faithfully, and to see, if he can, that I am protected."

"A laudable ambition, especially when he thinks that he may secure half a million dollars by the operation," answered Scott with a sneer.

"How mean you?" she asked sharply.

"This, my dear young lady—or madam, as you prefer. He does not know of the tether which binds you, and is making calculations upon winning you for his own."

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

May 12, 1877.



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**Saturday Evening, May 12, 1877.**

## AN UNOCCUPIED FIELD.

Just now the post of great American humorist is vacant, and the field of native comic writing may be said to be unoccupied. All the prominent laugh-makers of the land, who were formerly in turn king-bees in the hive, have just now retired into the background and our public await the coming man. Bret Harte and Mark Twain fell into the rear long ago, before the victorious advance of the *Dundury News Man* and the *Burlington Huckleberry Man*, with their grand army of imitators, and now the new order of things humorous has ceased to charm the capricious public, and the people of the United States are actually without an authorized and accepted jester.

And here we would say that there is no post in our native literary world more difficult to hold than this same post of popular humorist, for in the matter of comic writing the tastes of our people vary like the wind, and he who is a crowned king of fun-to-day, to-morrow may be universally considered but a "barren fool." In fact, of all our famous native humorists, from poor Dosticks, to the *Burlington Huckleberry man*, only one retained his prestige until death claimed him, and it is scarcely necessary to say that that fortunate individual was the lamented Artemus Ward, he of the champion "wax figures." Whether even he would have kept his popularity unscathed to the present hour, had he lived, is a problem that cannot now be solved, but it is only fair to presume from analogy that he would have gone the way of all the rest of the overlooked humorists.

Who will be the coming man, among the many aspirants for the vacant throne, of course, cannot now be predicted, for it would seem as if a new school of humorous writing would have to be established before the succession can finally be determined. But of this we are certain: the new American humorist, in whatever branch of fun be may shine out, will have to be a man of nerve, and one not liable to be utterly "crushed" when, as must inevitably happen, he is replaced by a fresher idol. Unless the aspirant has these qualifications, we would advise him not to attempt to gain the vacant and unstable throne of the star comic writer of this republic.

## OUR SERIALS.

We present in the current number of the Post the initial chapters of "Elama, the Twin Soul," a weird and absorbing tale founded upon the mysteries of spiritualism. Those who remember the advent of Bulwer's "Strange Story," which dealt so largely and fascinatingly in psychological wonders, will also recollect the wide-spread sensation it caused. It is as yet too early to undertake to predict how the public will receive "Elama," and it would, perhaps, be presumptuous to assert that we expect a success for it in any way approaching that of Bulwer's magnificent romance. We can, however, safely prophesy that it will prove a source of pleasurable entertainment to our many readers. "Elama" is a story out of the beaten track of fiction, and will be found to grow more and more interesting, exciting and artistic as it proceeds. Our second serial, "What Will They Do With Him?" is progressing finely, and bids fair to become the most popular of all Mrs. Woodson's many excellent romances. The thorough insight it gives into the daring and nefarious practices of the border ruffians shows the talented authoress' full acquaintance with her subject. With these serials, which will, in their turn, be succeeded by others of equal interest, and our usual large budget of short stories, poems and miscellaneous articles, we feel confident that we shall be thoroughly able to please all tastes, and to make the Post one of the most interesting and desirable family journals in the land.

## HOUSEHOLD ART.

A great deal of attention is being given to the topics of house decoration and art connected with home surroundings. It is evident that we are beginning to take a keen

interest in aesthetic comfort and the moral effect of art culture. It is well that it is so. Nothing is so necessary as the demands of taste, when taste conforms to mental health. A room without pictures is a prison; a masterpiece without ornament is a monstrosity; and we are sure to have the fact impressed on us sooner or later, if our nerves are out of condition, or we are bed-ridden with fever. Then the furniture and appointments of our chamber become almost intolerable, unless they are tasteful. Even wood-cut, clipped from a "weekly," stuck on the wall, makes a room look better and easier than bare paper-hanging can make it. A woman's taste can convert a dismal cell into a radiant tower of comfort. Add here and there a knick-knack, a picture, a bit of bric-a-brac and a few flowers, and the thing is done; but only a woman knows how to manage it.

It is idle to talk of civilizing a people who cannot comprehend the value of the beauty of things for beauty's sake, for, as the poet says: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," and "a joy forever."

## OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

We notice with pleasure that our various book publishers are beginning to look with interested eyes on the field of French fictional literature. This is as it should be, and we sincerely hope that the result will be the reproduction in this country, in an English dress, not only of all the current Paris literary successes, but of many of the thousands of masterpieces in the way of French novels that are now utterly unknown to Americans, even by name. There is a prevailing impression among American readers that all French romances are so shockingly immoral as to be unfit for reading in the family circle, and to this impression is due the prejudice that has for so long placed them under the ban in this country. Now whilst it is undoubtedly true that there are many immoral fictions in the French tongue, we think we may safely claim that there are fully as many of the same hurtful kind current in the English language, which are the work of English and American writers. The trouble is that unscrupulous publishers in the past have purposefully selected the most morallyretched productions of the scum of Paris literary hacks, had them translated, and presented them to the world of American readers, who have thoughtlessly grown to consider them as representative works, when, in reality, they are not so in the least. The publication of translations of a few of the novels written by really representative French writers would forever set at nulity the charge of being kept for so long in ignorance of the true character and merit of French fictional literature.

There is nothing more injurious to the average mind than desultory reading, as it thoroughly units an individual for the proper enjoyment and appreciation of anything literary. Sir Walter Scott complained bitterly that, in his younger days, he nearly destroyed his critical judgment by reading in this manner, and roving from book to book without system or thought. The proper way to read is to select a certain line of works, bearing on a certain line of thought or matter, and follow them up, persistently and clearly reasoning the while on what has been read. In this way, and this way only, can a reader hope to derive profit from the works to which he gives his attention. If the works chosen for perusal in fiction, it is advisable to arrange them according to the various phases of life to the exposition of which they are devoted, reasoning and comparing with parallel scenes in the actual world.

It may be a useful thing to know that Chinamen, who are usually considered among the most honest people on the face of the globe, will, in many instances, steal on or about their New Year's day, and the most curious phase of the matter is that the stealing is invariably done to procure money with which to pay debts, as it is a cardinal maxim with the exiles from the Flowering Kingdom that all their indebtedness must be cleared up on that day. With this knowledge, perhaps it would be well for those who have their washing done by the Celestials to keep a strict watch upon their garments about the time that John Chinaman's New Year's day comes around. Verily, verily, every hour would seem to clearly demonstrate Bret Harte's assertion that he was "a genius."

The epoch in my eventful history comes to me in the shape of a shadowy dream—two coffins, a room full of weeping men and women, and a little curly-headed five-year-old kicking and screaming in the arms of his nurse for the "Ma," and "Ya"—"Alas! alas! he was never more to behold on earth. I do not wish to be sombre or sentimental, my dear reader, but while writing the few sorrowful lines above, can you blame me if the hand trembles, and a silent tear courses down the cheek and blurs the page I write upon?

"You must let me have the boy, Mrs. Hanlon."

"In thrall, I'll not, Jack Mungun. It's ashamed of yourself you ought to be entirely. When his dear father and mother (God rest their souls) left him alone in this wicked, uncharitable world, you saved everything belonging to his poor father for the debt you said he owed you. Yes, you hateful, when the cholera swept away all the poor darlin's relatives, you're your own good-livin' waif now; he was half sick with the fever, and I was his nurse, and I had to save him from that; I, his nurse, and foster mother. He became my child; is my dear darlin' now, and all the goodlin' boys in town are your old rusty iron money chest, couldn't tempt me to turn him over to ye rascal, Jack Mungun, the Flamborough strata miser. Take that now acalus, and much good may it do ye."

"And so saying, my dear foster mother, with arms akimbo and eyes blazing with honest indignation, invited my uncle to "walk through the hole that was left by the carpenter," and from that day to this I have never seen or heard from him.

"The miserly could rapacissime," said Mother Mary; "if I thought it would benefit the dear gosson, I would let him have him, but sure and I know it's a tollin's slave he'd make of him, on his cold dilapidated farm at 'Beggars' Bush.' Come here, darlin,' she said to myself, who stood leaning on the back of a chair, uttering never a word. I approached my dear nurse, and throwing my arms around her neck, kissed her.

"You do not want to leave me, alah!" sobbed Mother Mary.

"I do not, and never will," I said.

"Never is a long word, aschim, but we'll live together as long as the good Lord permis-

## FROM HIS LOVING MOTHER.

BY REV. CECIL MOORE.

Only a name; but a mother's hand!  
Written not in pencil, but in gold;  
For the hand that fashioned the word is cold,  
Spell-bound on the writing the eyes will fail.

For the glass shall leave nothing of doubt  
To the heart with a voice from the dead;  
And the dear loved characters stand to prove  
A truth never doubted, a mother's love.

Such love as she might to a creature of earth,  
She gave to her child when she gave him birth;  
And, perchance, from the bright spirit-world  
Her eye marks how he moulds his destiny.

You bushes her harp and with bards and death  
Pray while her twits life and death;  
And if from earth the earth could dim angel's eyes,  
Here are his griefs with his victories.

## Cacoethes Scribendi;

OR,

## The Troubles of a Genius.

BY DR. WM. E. FAHEY.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE BIRTHDAY OF "A GENIUS."

Though I could hear, I did not hear a word, and though I could speak, never a word of thanks gave I to my flatterers. I was "an angel," "a darling," and though bearing no resemblance to anything under the sun, being no more or less than a little lump of lace, linen, and furrows, yet I was beyond a doubt in the minds of the doing female relatives and friends, who vied with each other in fondling, and caressing me, the most wonderful little fellow the world ever saw. Ah! dear! that was thirty-five years ago to day, and what was everybody's darling then, is the darling of but few now.

"He will be a 'genius' like his father," said Grandma Mungun. "The worthy gentleman, who had the honor to bear my name before I did, was a physician in large practice in the City of Dublin, Ireland, and had written voluminous volumes on surgery and physiology, which, I am sorry to say, took away much of the family treasury, and thereby may have caused the family to run into debt.

"He'll never write a work equal to the *Diagnosis Hernia Omphalocele*," said Doctor O'Donoghue, a great admirer of my paternal progenitor.

"I trust to grace be never will," came from the sweet lips of a pale lady, extended in a half reclining attitude, on a sofa near the fire.

Ah, dear mother, you knew all about it. The weary, weary hours spent in wasting the midnight oil, over the idols that kept you from the company and companionship of your own—my poor, dear, father.

"Praise the saints, he'll be a Bishop if he lives," said my Reverend Uncle, the Parish priest of Butterstown.

"Divil a Bishop or praste, either, for that mother," responded the Doctor; "being a thrice son of the O'Brien Munguns, his genius will never run in that direction."

Now the O'Brien Munguns, of Ballyracket, County Down, were notorious the County over for their love of the three W's, to wit: Wine, Wit, and Women, and this unfortunate allusion to the family failing caused the worthy prelate to raise both hands aloft in pious indignation, and brought a storm of wrath, from the ladies down on the poor Doctor's devoted head. What else transpired on this awful day, that ushered me into a world, which everyday abuses, yet few are willing to quit with resignation. I really do not remember. My dear old nurse and foster mother, Mary Hanlon, who supplied me with the portion I have written, neglected to furnish any more. Nor would I have written even of this, did I not wish to show the reader that, on good and substantial authority, he was "a genius."

The epoch in my eventful history comes to me in the shape of a shadowy dream—two coffins, a room full of weeping men and women, and a little curly-headed five-year-old kicking and screaming in the arms of his nurse for the "Ma," and "Ya"—"Alas! alas! he was never more to behold on earth. I do not wish to be sombre or sentimental, my dear reader, but while writing the few sorrowful lines above, can you blame me if the hand trembles, and a silent tear courses down the cheek and blurs the page I write upon?

"What will I do with it?" I asked myself, scratching my ear in a perplexed mood.

"Buy a rope to hang yourself wid, you omadhaim!" yelled a little Dublin jackan, who had seen my perplexity and overheard my remark.

"I'll hang you, confound you!" I roared, as I dashed at the jackan, who, giving a screech like a "bananee," took to rapid flight.

"Alas! in charging on the impudent "goons," I stubbed my toe against a cobblestone and fell with considerable force on the hard pavement of the street, the half crown, which I held in my hand, flying towards a place where it was not needed, where millions of its brethren were snugly stowed away in the Bank of Ireland, opposite the monument.

"Bad cess to you," I said, rising from the ground and shaking my fist at the flying jackan.

"Bad cess to you, there goes the last penny I own in the world."

Youth is ever hopeful and buoyant. "Pahaw!" I said to myself, "he's gone, let it go; am I not a genius?" I will now go to work and earn my living. I will—yes! I will write for the papers!

Ah! fatal delusion.

The infant grows from babyhood to boyhood under her fostering care, till love grows with its years, and ends only when the cold sods of earth lie heavy and dark over the coffin that contains her tender loving heart.

For eighteen years I lived with Mary Hanlon, receiving all the kindness, all the loving encouragement that the poorest mother could wish on a child, and when she died, she left me not unprovided for.

For many years previous to her entering the service of my father, she had been a favorite housekeeper for a wealthy Irish nobleman who, appreciating her services, had, ere he died, bequeathed her a life annuity of £50 sterling a year. On this comparatively small sum she not only contrived to live very comfortably indeed, but also gave myself a very fair classical education.

"You know, my dear," the fond woman would say, "your father was a horn gentleman, and didn't his reverence? And the editor and his whole hordes of penny-savers, terrified at my just wrath, inconsiderately fled in their fear and taken passage to the far-off wilds of Australia, had—"

I stepped over to some gentlemen who formed a knot near the hall door.

"What is the matter with the *Nation*?" I queried.

"Arrested for high treason."

And, while poor Martin Duffy and his bold band of Irish patriots were bolted in from the sweet air of liberty in the foul dungeons of Mountjoy prison—I walked sadly away with a great soul rising from my heart, and tears coursing down my paled cheeks, for the *Nation* and its editor had a warm root in the heart of every Irishman who loved Ireland and Ireland's cause.

Well, I had soared high, and falling, had received a heavy jar, but I was not crushed. I saw plainly that my forte did not lie in politics, polemics, or poetry. What then? Dennis had a variety of phases, but only one true one. She is—Goddess of Variety—loves strange ways, but has the true road to the temple of fame. This is a riddle which those into whose minds deign to enter, must solve for themselves. The good lady will not explain, but is perfectly content for her votaries to try all, and when they strike the right one, the benevolent goddess smilingly and contentedly walks by their side into the sanctum sacerdotum of the temple.

Now, mayhap, my genius might delight in novels. I would write one and try. But genius again has a variety of ways, even in novels. Which way did mine delight to take? The "Scott," the "Leven," the "Dumas," the "Victor Hugo," "al! the last!" That was the one. Hugo was a patriot, so I am I; Hugo loves the people, so do I; Hugo loves the sea, so do I. The style of Hugo must be mine. "O'Brien Mungun, the Irish Hugo!" How grand it would sound! How sublime it would look in large type on every dead wall, in large type in the "Literary Notices," in every paper over the whole breadth and scope of Europe, Asia, America, and Africa, for that matter, for had I not seen a favorable notice of Charley Lever in the *Madagascar Gazette*—Madagascar on the coast of Africa.

Al! I would be famous indeed. I must to work immediately. More paper was purchased. Of ink and pens I still had a store. So at it went—scratch-scratch, with persevering industry and unwearied mind, from early dawn to close of day. Persevering and unwearied industry will conquer, despite of many obstacles, the want of money, and sometimes—pretty often, too, my want of food. My novel was near completion, and I was gratified to find that the *Irish Town* during high tide when the fisherman would be out with their boats, drags and nets. To Irish Town I accordingly went, by way of the North Wall—the dividing "breaker" between the Channel leading into Dublin and the town in question. Between the "Wall" and the town was a wide beach or strand, over which the ocean tide poured itself at its appointed height.

But do not think, my dear reader, that while writing my novel the poor persecuted editor of *literary* periodicals and magazines had any rest from me at all; but a spite of multitudinous notices to me in their respective publications, that, "they did not wish to give any MSS.;" in spite of a ton and a half of missives accompanying my returned contributions, stating that "my efforts though praiseworthy were respectfully declined," in sublime disdain of all those polite but determined snubs, I persisted.

As I remarked, my novel was near completion; for the concluding chapters I needed a fishing scene to be vividly laid before the reader's eye, so I determined on visiting the strand at Irish Town during high tide when the fisherman would be out with their boats, drags and nets. To Irish Town I accordingly went, by way of

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

about; that part of it takes years of constant labor—hard-work and plumb of it. Now how could you, a young squireen in only your twentieth year, raised in the country, where you never had a chance to study human nature in person, how could you expect to be able to satisfy the public, who always look for originality and novelty. No, no, my dear boy. You only copied from memory what was written of, years before you were born. The publishers knew this and declined to accept it.

But, Father Carmichael, how could I copy what I had never seen. I assure you, the "Buccaneer of Bantry Bay" was entirely original.

"Too original, too original, my dear goes soon. In fact, you were an unconscious plagiarist. That the old sea-captain said with a quizzical smile spreading itself over his storm-beaten face.

It failed to my mind in an instant. Nearly every sentence I had written in that book was unwittingly memory-stolen from that account of sea-novels, Captain Marmat, of whom in my boyhood days I was a great reader and admirer.

Much more was said to me by my adopted father on that eventful night, the lovely Mary sitting near the fire sewing and uttering never a word. But a wealth of love and sympathy for her, her intended husband, was in her heart, and ever and anon it flashed towards me from the depths of her blue eyes.

A few more sentences and I am done. I learned that I had to work, to battle with a harsh world for the tender we things that might come in the after years; and work I did, faithful, unremitting work on the deep blue sea.

Prosperity came. I arose to be commander of the Indianaman, I first stepped aboard of as a common sailor. I am now about to leave the prosperous port of the lovely city of Philadelphia for the last time. I have accumulated wealth, and a lovely, happy wife three beautiful children, and a bold old sea-captain verging on his seventieth year are anxiously awaiting me in the loved "Emerald Isle of the Sea."

God grant me a prosperous voyage, to which I know my patient reader will fervently respond Amen!

## HOW WOMEN DRESS IN PERSIA.

Arnold, speaking of Persian women, in his entertaining work "Through Persia in Caravan," says: "A few women were seen. We met one sitting outside on horseback, as all Eastern women ride. We believe them to be women, because of their costume and size; but we can see no part of them, not even a hand or eye. They are shrouded from the head to the knees, in a cotton or a silk sheet of dark blue or black—the chador it is called, which passes over the head, and is held with the hands around and about the body. Over the chador is tied around the head a yard long val of cotton or linen, in which before the eyes, is a piece of open work about the size of a finger, which is their only lookout and ventilator. The val passes into the chador at the chin. Every woman before going out of doors, puts on a pair of trowsers, generally of the same stuff and color of the chador, and thus her out-door seclusion and disguise are complete. Her husband could not recognize her in the street. In this costume the Mohammedan women grope their way about the towns of Persia. Their trowsers are tightly bound about the ankles, above their colored stockings, which are invariably of home manufacture, and slippers with no covering for the heel, complete the unattractive, unwholesome apparel of the uncomfortable victims of the Persian reading of the Koran. The indoor costume of the Persian women of the higher class appears indelicate to Europeans. The chador and trowsers, are the invariable walking costume. Indoors, the dress of a Persian lady is more like that of a ballet-girl. In the anterooms of Persian royalty, my wife was thus received by Princesses thus attired—or rather, unattired."

## HORRIBLE STORY.

On the banks of the Conestoga Creek, about two miles south of Lancaster City, resides a family named Anderson, consisting of the husband, wife, and a child. The man has been sick for three months, disease seems to have impaired his mind, and he is wasting away. The only nourishment he receives, is an occasional bite, which his wife furnishes him by fishing in the Conestoga. He has no medical attendance, though his wife thinks if he were properly cared for, he would get well. The wife herself is as thin as a skeleton, and has eaten nothing for weeks, save that picked up by the garrulous occupation of fishing. The child is little thing in a frock, and acts as though bereft of reason. It is a pitiable object. "It crawls on its hands and feet," says the Examiner and Express, "and disappears under the bed, when a visitor approaches. If you imitate the bark of a dog, it will answer in kind, and indeed you would be led to believe it was a dog if you did not look at the object. There is not a whole article of furniture in this miserable abode, and the dwellers are surrounded by the most squallid filth."

## QUIET GIRLS.

The quiet girl is generally worth studying, and will frequently astonish those who pretend to understand her, by rising to heights when she is summoned to her complicit and courted critics. Yet it may happen that quiet girls of the best type, may lack the wit, the adaptability to that with which they have no sympathy, the glibness, and that unlimited faith in themselves which must be possessed by those who desire to attract the notice of the more shallow portion of society, who believe in noisy girls. All quiet girls are not endowed with genius and the virtues, for some are simply tools who would be noisy enough if they could find anything to say. But we protest against the hard and peevish treatment of quiet girls, and speaking ill of them because they have been fairly tried, and of paying attention to the concerted chatter-boxes of little moral sense and principle. While noisy dandies will often turn out to be gaudy impostors, many quiet ones will amply repay the time, trouble, or love which anyone may bestow upon them.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—There is in the Hebrew burial service one prayer which is not read by the officiating minister, but by the son of the deceased, or in case there be no son, by some orphan in whose the deceased was interested. At the service for the late Baroness Mayer de Rothschild, in London, this part of the service was taken by a deaf orphan boy, a pupil in an institution for the teaching of the deaf to speak. The Baroness was largely instrumental in founding two such schools. He recited the prayer, which proclaims "the exaltation of God in that world in which He is to restore the dead to everlasting life," with a very distinct utterance. As he repeated the prayer with the mournful cadence, into which it is said the deaf who are taught to speak naturally fall, this part of a service, always impressive, was most deeply felt in his fervent solemnity.

## TWO STRINGS TO A BOW.

"The sun will soon set and the evening is fair, Will thou come, pretty maid, to the grove? The light is refreshing, and balmy the air, And our converse shall only be love." "A way!" cried the fair one. "Don't think that with thee. Through the meadow or grove I would stay?"

"From Colleen, my heart is yet free From love and its troubles, and that thou shall see."

As, laughing, I trip it away.

"And if I did love, would I shepherd, I know, To the loved one to whom I should give? My address—my hopes? No, believe me, I now."

A wealthy young gallant is courting me now—How charming! I meet him to-night."

"By the side of the wood, near the old ivied mill."

"And suppose," exclaimed Colleen, "it's true: Through the river be tempting, why, so is the mill?"

And if you won't come, there are others that will."

So, edition, pretty maiden, adieu!"

"But stay! Perhaps, Colleen, the gallant may be unfair. I think 'we as well—'

"To leave him," said Colleen, "and take to the grove?"

No, no, pretty maiden; the girl that I love Her love to no other must tell."

So off went the shepherd, and sad was her But lately so proud and sublime. Learn hence, pretty maidens, that smile on me now.

That while we have 't have two strings to a bow.'

You can but use one at a time.

## WHEN THE SHIP COMES IN;

ON,

## A TURN IN THE TIDE.

BY CHARLES NOEL.

A sweet-faced woman and a sweet-faced child are wandering among the shipping docks of the great city. The woman is plainly dressed, but evidently in her best attire, and there is a touch of gentility in her manner, in the red lace collar, relic of better days perhaps, the pearl ear-rings and the new gloves. The child is neatly dressed too, and as she clasps the woman's hand looks love at her guardian. But the woman's face is pale, at the best, more—than a wan expression upon it, a care-worn look, and a faint wrinkle upon the pale forehead that ages her and lessens the charm of her features.

She is inquiring of the dock men, of the stevedores, of the loungers about the wharves, whether the brig "Good Luck" has come in. She always receives the same reply to her eager questions, and that reply is—that the brig "Good Luck" has not come in, but they have too much humanity to tell her that this same brig "Good Luck" has been lost a month ago, dashed on a lee shore and ground to pieces by the sea, and will never come in—never—nevermore!

If they told her, she wouldn't believe them, for this woman and her child have supreme faith—as sure as God rules that the brig "Good Luck" will come in and come in soon with cargo and crew, though they have been asking the same question, and praying the same prayer for many and many a day.

Then she goes across the street and winds her way among the bales and boxes and passing carts, and through all the hubbub and bustle of the wharf, and climbs a flight of stairs to where the brig owners have their offices. They are used to seeing her. The child, with a start, awakes and cries: "Is it my papa?" Dear, dear, papa!" Then seeing her disappointment, she bursts into tears.

"Don't cry, dear—don't cry. The brig will come in—the brig will come in! I don't cry!" the good old man speaks soothingly to the sobbing child; and the mother, catching her hand, walks slowly and sadly away, followed by Mr. Tawman, who lifts the little girl down the stairs, and helps both her and her mother into a car.

The next morning the woman is again loitering about the wharves with the same agonized inquiry. She again puts the question to the wharfmen, and again receives only the same answer. Then, as before, she seeks the office of the brig owners, still accompanied by her little girl, and asks:

"Has the brig 'Good Luck' come in yet?"

"Not yet, ma'am."

"She's expected, of course, to-day?"

"Of course."

"There is a vessel coming in now. I see the tall masts. Look! look!" pointing out of the office window to the river front. "Maybe that's it! Ellie, dear, look! there's father's vessel, with father on board!" The child clasps her little hands at the sight.

"Sorry to say that ain't it, ma'am," says the clerk, relaxing into his calculations, and paying no more attention to the woman.

She stares out of the window at the approaching vessel drawn by a tug, and then with a blank look upon her face and a moan that is heart-rending, says:

"No, Ellie, no! That is not the 'Good Luck.' I see the figure-head; the figure-head of the 'Good Luck' is an angel—a white and gold angel. No! no! that isn't it."

"But papa will come home soon, won't he, mamma?" whispers the child.

"Yes, yes, yes! To-day, my darling, to-day."

Old Mr. Tawman, who is the head of the establishment here, now comes from behind his desk and approaching the woman, says in a kindly tone:

"Mrs. Seltzer, sit down; make yourself as comfortable as you can in a dingy office like this. Here, little one, come here; give me a kiss. A pretty, pretty little dear, Mrs. Seltzer."

"She looks pale," said the mother. "She is tired—she has been walking too much."

"Mamma, I don't mind walking to find father. I'm not tired."

The old gentleman sits down and lifts the little girl on his knee and kisses her.

She winds her arms about his neck and exclaims:

"You'll tell my papa to come soon, won't you?"

"Yes, dear."

It was the habit of this firm to pay a sort of pension monthly to the widows of captains who were lost in their service. It was not much of a stipend being only half pay, but it was certainly a blessing in very many cases. Mrs. Seltzer had always received her husband's money here, while he was at sea, or it was sent to her when she was sick or the weather bad.

"Ah, Mr. Tawman, I'm sure the 'Good Luck' will be in to-day?"

"Certainly it will! What's to hinder it?"

He puts the child down and goes over to his desk, and unlocking a drawer he takes out an account book and begins writing a receipt. Then he goes over into the cashier's room. While he is there the telegraph clerk calls him over.

Click—click—click! goes the magic instrument, repeating its dot and dash message.

"Hear that!" says the operator. "That's news for you!" The proprietor could read every word by its sound.

"It's like a message from God," says Mr. Tawman, reverently. "I must not tell all."

He comes back to where the woman is sitting, his face flushed with emotion—some strange excitement. He throws into her lap a bundle of bank notes.

"There, Mrs. Seltzer, now go home. Take a car at the door."

"Oh! I'm not tired. And I should like to be here when the brig comes in. But I thank you so much, so much."

"Here, little one," says the good-hearted Tawman, "here's something for you to eat with candle with." He puts two or three untouched pieces of a bright quarter of a dollar, and looks at the wonder and delight of the little girl.

"I'll keep this for my papa."

Poor little thing she is weary unto sleep. She cuddles herself in the big chair and sinks into slumber in an instant.

"Now, Mrs. Seltzer, you've had no dinner," says Tawman.

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Yesterday, perhaps, but I mean to-day."

He goes down with Mr. Tawman here, our young man, and get something to eat. You are we have arrangements here for the comfort of our clerks. We give them a hot dinner, and a good dinner too. There's nobody there now. Everybody's dined. Go down there, and ask the waiter, George," addressing Mr. Tawman, whom he had summoned. "Send this message to me at once, Mr. Lindsey. I'm here to help you, and I will stand by each other."

"Oh, yes, sir, friend."

"How grateful the stillness of the empty room seemed to my rasped nerves and tired faculties. Rocking softly to and fro in my chair until lulled by the restful motion, I forgot the cares and trials of my work-a-day life, and my thoughts wandered off into the lonely school-marm's heaven—dreamland.

I had just reached some airy height of bliss, when an ominous sound broke the stillness that reigned through the house. It was something between a sob and a groan and brought me back to realities with rude severity. Starting to my feet, it suddenly occurred to me that Mrs. Seltzer, my hostess, had not made her appearance. Being a chatty little woman, she generally met me at the door, eager to impart some information in regard to the out-goings and incomings of her neighbors, and I felt quite sure that something had happened. Thoroughly alarmed, I began to search the house. Among the muffled sobs or groans reached me in my ears, but it was too indistinct to guide me as to its direction.

I had made the tour of the lower rooms, and had reached the stair-door, when the sounds became loud and distinguishable. They proceeded from an upper chamber, and were caused by violent sobbing.

I flew up the stairs and the next instant beheld Mrs. Seltzer prone upon the bed, her hair bare in the pillows and her whole attitude expressing some racing grief.

"Why, what's the matter?" I anxiously questioned; for I knew that Mrs. Seltzer was not of that fine, sensitive fibre which is wounded by every rough act or tone, and therefore I was sure that something serious had occurred.

Her only answer was a sob of greater magnitude.

"What is the matter?" I repeated in alarm, trying to smooth her dishevelled hair. "Has anything happened to your husband?"

"My husband—the—wr—wretch!" she gasped, with choking vehemence.

"Ah, another family jar!" I mentally ejaculated, and stood quite silent, determined not to allow my sympathies to be caught therein.

"My husband—the—wr—wretch!" she gasped, with a shriek.

"I know you do," she responds, with a sigh.

"Now, go. I'm sorry you have to waken the child, but I suppose you can't help it."

"Come, Ellie," says the mother, touching her lightly on the shoulder.

The child, with a start, awakes and cries: "Is it my papa?" Dear, dear, papa!"

Then seeing her disappointment, she bursts into tears.

"Don't cry, dear—don't cry. The brig will come in—the brig will come in! I don't cry!" the good old man speaks soothingly to the sobbing child; and the mother, catching her hand, walks slowly and sadly away, followed by Mr. Tawman, who lifts the little girl down the stairs, and helps both her and her mother into a car.

During my few week's sojourns with this worthy couple, the calm of their home had frequently been disturbed by such jars as this in the most violent form. Hitherto, I had kept a strict neutrality and resisted the attempts of either party to engage my sympathy.

It is a fact, at which I have often wondered, that a quarreling couple are always eager to drag a third party into their tangos. Experience has convinced me that this third party is not for escape, but to bear the burden of their united sins.

"She has abused me—has insulted me!"

The angry woman continued after a few moments, when her violent emotion had spent its force and left her tongue untrammeled.

Still I was silent.

"Ah," she cried reproachfully, sitting up and looking at me with her face puffed with anger and tears, "you think I am nothing—you don't know what it is to have a husband turn against you and take sides with his folks. Now is that right?"

"No; that is neither right nor manly," I answered, with warmth. "God has commanded that man shall forsake father and mother and cleave unto his wife."

"It isn't George's fault," she answered, with wifely inconsistency. "He would be all right if it wasn't for his mother and sister. They know just how to get around him, and are always trying to set him against me."

"His mother seems such a simple, well-disposed, little old lady; surely she cannot be guilty of such an act!"

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May 12, 1877.

## LORRETT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

I cannot imagine what deports me;  
And makes me feel so wretched now;  
A legend of long ago,  
The air stills, day is desirous;  
And sweetly Rhine's waters run,  
And the peaks of the mountains are shining  
Alone in the setting sun.

A splosion of wondrous seeming,  
Most beautiful site, see there!  
Her jewels in gold are gleaming,  
She wears out her robes in beauty,  
With a touch of red gold she parts it,  
And still as she combs it, she sings.  
The melody fails on our hearts, it  
With power as of magic strings.

With a spouse the knightman bears it,  
Out there in his little skiff;  
He sees not the reef as he nears it,  
He only looks up to the cliff.

The waves will sweep, I am thinking,  
Over all, ay, and seafarers are lost;  
And this is, when daylight is sinking,  
What Lowsey did with his song.

## RAILWAY JOURNEY.

A close cab ladie with luggage drove up in Euston Station in time for the 7.30 A.M. train for the north. While the passengers rounded the boxes, the occupants of the cars passed straight through on to the platform, looking rather nervously about them. There were two—a very pretty girl in a most fascinating travelling costume of blue serge and fur, and a slender woman, who, from her appearance, might have been her nurse. "Still here and don't move, Miss Edith, while I take your ticket; now, mind you don't stir," and she deposited her on a bench.

"Are you the young lady as has ordered a through carriage reserved?" asked a guard with official abruptness.

"Yes."

"Then come along of me, miss."

"No, no; I must wait," said Edith, who was quite unused to travelling, grasped her bag and did not move.

The guard looked astonished, but only shrugged his shoulders and walked off. Presently he came back.

"You'll be late, miss," he said, not encouragingly. "Train 'll be off in another minute."

Edith looked at him in despair. Should she leave her post? Would Jenkins never come back? A loud aggressive bell began to ring. Edith started up, she seized all the things Jenkins had put under her charge—rugs, carpet-bags, umbrellas, case, loose shawl, and provision-basket—and was trying to stagger away under the load, when Jenkins came back very hot and flushed, seized half the packages, and hurried her to the train. The guard unlocked the special carriage and put her in.

"No, hurry, ma'am," he said; "four minutes still."

"I don't at all like it, now it has come to the point, Jenkins," said Edith leaning out of the window.

"Nor I, miss; and how your mamma could let us go at all alone, like this, passes me; but I have spoken to the guard and written to the station-master, and you've a good bit to eat, and not a blessed soul to get into the carriage from end to end; so don't be afraid, my dear, and I make no doubt that your dear uncle will meet you at the other end."

"I have no doubt that one of my uncles will—I hope Uncle John, as I have never seen Uncle George."

"Everything you want, miss?" said an extra porter. "I have put in all the rugs and a hot-water-tin, and the luggage is all right in the van just behind."

"All right, all right!" said Mrs. Jenkins.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the porter, pocketing a shining half-crown.

A gentleman suddenly came running on to the platform; the train was just about to start. "Here, porter, take my portmanteau; quick—smoking carriage!"

"All full, sir! quick, sir, please!"

"It's Mr. George!" cried Jenkins, suddenly.

Edith started forward. "Oh!"

The gentleman caught sight of Jenkins. "Here, guard, guard! put me in here!"

"Can't, sir—special."

"Quick; let me in! It's—my niece!"

The train began to move.

"Confound you, be quick!"

The door was opened just in time, and Edith, as excited as Mr. George, seized him with both hands by the coat-sleeves, and pulled him with all her might into the carriage. They were off.

Mr. George sat down opposite to Edith with a sigh of relief.

"I am so glad to see you, Uncle George," said Edith, timidly; "for though I am generally bold enough, I was rather afraid of this long journey."

"I will take care of you," said the uncle, "I am very glad to make your acquaintance, my dear."

"The 'tiny dear' sounded a little strained, as though it were not a common expression on Uncle George's lips, and Edith looked up at him. She had not expected her uncle to be so young in appearance; but she had often heard her mother say that he was the youngest-looking man of his age she had ever known; and now she quite agreed—for though she knew him to be really about fifty-eight years of age, he might from his appearance be taken for five-and-twenty, or even less. He was remarkably good-looking—more so than she had expected—and his eyes looked very young, and frank, and blue. There was a twinkle in them also; she was sure that he was fond of fun.

Edith felt quite fond of her uncle; she was not one bit afraid of him—it's his face was so open, and good, and kindly.

"Now we must make ourselves comfortable," said Uncle George, and he proceeded to set to work. He put the rugs and bags into the nets, he pushed the carpet-bag and portmanteau under the seat, took off his hat, put on a very becoming Turkish fez, extracted newspapers from his pocket, spread a shawl over Edith's knees, and then wriggled himself comfortably into a corner seat.

"How well old Jenkins wears?" he said. "He looks like a young dairy-maid."

"Oh!" said Edith, a little shocked at his irreverence.

"I remember how she used to feed me with dried fruit and macaroons out of the store-room."

"Really! surely she is not old enough for that?"

"Oh, ah! I forgot her age; but the fact was I wasn't of course a boy."

"Of course not. Why, I think mamma said that you and Jenkins were born the same day—or was she the eldest?"

"Oh, I was the eldest."

"No, you were not; I remember she was three weeks older than you, and it was because she was your foster-sister that she was always so fond of you. Indeed, mamma said that she wanted to leave her to go to you and Aunt Maria when your eldest children were born, even out to India."

"My eldest children! what do you mean?"

"By the way, yes; they are dead."

"Dead! my cousin George dead?"

"Yes, yes, my dear."

"Poor little Addie! was it true that George never got over her loss?"

"Don't!" said Uncle George, abruptly; and he held up a newspaper upside down.

Edith touched his arm very gently.

"I am very sorry," Uncle George, she said, evenly. "I had not known that you had lost them both; I would not have said anything; please forgive me. And poor Aunt Maria, too! Oh, I beg your pardon."

Uncle George threw down his paper and looked smilingly at her.

"Does your mamma ever speak of me?"

"Constantly, perfectly," said Edith, with a smile.

"And what does she say of me?"

"She says that you are the dearest, kindest, most sweet-hearted, most sweet-dispositioned old gentleman existing; she says you have been a gallant officer, and a loyal, true-hearted soldier." Edith's eyes kindled. "And I have heard how you distinguished yourself in India, and I—am very glad to see you, Uncle George."

"Yes, you are, he is all that," said he, with enthusiasm.

"What? who?" asked Edith confused.

"My father—I—I mean my son."

"Poor George! he was a most distinguished soldier also. I wish I had known him. No, Uncle George, I won't speak so—I do not want to pain you."

"I like to hear all you tell me about him, my dear."

"I have only heard how good a soldier he was, and that he was so handsome and so good."

"And he had faults and defects?"

Edith looked surprised.

"I used to hear that he was concealed."

"No, no," said Uncle George, "he never was that. He was proud, I grant—perhaps too proud—but never concealed."

"Poor George!" sighed Edith; "I had so looked forward to knowing him."

"Had you really?"

"Yes; I never had a companion of my own age. Do tell me, shall I like my cousin at Hatton?"

"I think so, some of them: do you mean Uncle John's daughters, or his step-daughters?"

"Both."

"I think you will like Mary, tolerate Susan, either Agatha, admire Jane, and adore Alice."

"Alice is the adorable one, is she?" said Edith laughing. "and is she the one they say is so pretty?"

"Oh no; poor Alice is deformed, and can never leave the sofa; but she has the sweetest soul and angel and the courage of a martyr; she is not the least pretty."

"What a sweet little thing this is!" thought Uncle George, but he said nothing.

"How comes it that you know none of your cousins?" said he, suddenly.

"Why do you want me to tell you what you know so much better than I do, Uncle George?"

"Yes, yes, of course; but naturally I want to know your side of the story. Have you never been at Hatton?"

"Never; and I thought it so very kind of you to induce Uncle John to persuade mamma to let me go."

"Yes; I thought, you know, that a few companions of your own age would do you good. How old are you?"

"Did you not get mamma's letter, in which she told you that I was to be eighteen tomorrow?"

"No; it must have been late. I never heard of it."

"How very unfortunate! Then no one will know I am coming. She asked you to tell Uncle John about the trains and things."

"Oh, ah! that letter! oh, of course, that is all right. I don't—I sometimes don't read letters through."

Edith laughed.

"I will tell you one version of my story. Mamma being papa's widow, and papa having been the eldest son, had to leave Hatton when I was born and turned out to be a stupid little girl; and she went abroad because she was so delicate, and became a Roman Catholic."

"Holloa!"

"What is it, Uncle George?"

"You are not one, I hope?"

Edith looked rather indignant.

"It is very odd of you to say that," she said, "when you know as well as I do all that you did about it; indeed I shall never forget your kindness. I was very unhappy when mamma wanted me to change school Uncle John's letter, and all Aunt Maria wrote made it worse than ever; only your mother made all smooth; and mamma was very touched by the one you wrote to her about papa's trust in her, and my not being hers only, and all that, that, indeed, I have always loved you—you have seemed to me like my own dear father."

"I am very glad, my dear child, and I hope that in future you shall be guided by my advice."

"I hope I shall see a great deal of you, Uncle George; for I know how fond I shall be of you, for my mother loves you so dearly."

"It is very kind of her."

"And do you know, since we came to live in England, I have never paid a single visit, or been for one week away from home. Oh, it is such fun going to Hatton! I am the greatest trial of my life when Queen Mab was sold."

"When was that?"

"Mamma made me give up riding, or rather I gave it up myself, because it made her nervous."

"What else do you care for?—dancing?"

"Oh, I love it; but I have never been to a ball in my life."

"There are to be two at Hatton next week, and you must promise me the first waltz at each."

"Do you waltz?"

"Oh yes. You see I am not such an old fogey as you expected."

"No; nobody would believe you to be fifty-eight, except for one thing."

"What is that?"

But Edith blushed and would not answer.

"You need not mind, child—I never was at all sensitive, and alas! how my memory is not what it was."

"That's it," said Edith, eagerly; "only I did not like to say it. Here we are at a station."

"Really! surely she is not old enough for that?"

"Oh, ah! I forgot her age; but the fact was I wasn't of course a boy."

"Of course not. Why, I think mamma said that you and Jenkins were born the same day—or was she the eldest?"

"Oh, I was the eldest."

"No, you were not; I remember she was three weeks older than you, and it was because she was your foster-sister that she was always so fond of you. Indeed, mamma said that she wanted to leave her to go to you and Aunt Maria when your eldest children were born, even out to India."

"My eldest children! what do you mean?"

"By the way, yes; they are dead."

"Dead! my cousin George dead?"

"Yes, yes, my dear."

window," said he, presently. "My father said the country about here was quite beautiful."

"That must have been before the days of railways," said Edith, gravely. "Those coaching days must have been quite delightful."

"They were."

"Mamma has told me about that extraordinary adventure you and papa had on the Aberdeen coast."

"It was extraordinary."

"Papa caught the branch of a tree, did he not?"

"Yes; and do you remember what I did?"

"You jumped out just as the coach upset, and sat on all the horses' heads."

"And a most uneasy seat it must have been; and did Uncle Arthur—I mean your papa—remain suspended in mid-air?"

"No, he swung into the tree. I have often heard of your climbing exploits, and that when you were young you could climb any tree."

"I have not lost the power," said Uncle George, stretching himself. "Holola!"

"What is the matter?" said Edith, star-ted.

"Nothing—noting—sit still!"

But she followed the direction of his eyes.

The train (a very long one) was going round a sharp curve, they were in one of the last carriages, and to her horror and terror, she saw, about a hundred yards in front of the train, a whole herd of cows on and off the line—two or three frantically galloping.

All heads were stretched out of the windows, clambering tongues and even cries resounded from the other carriages, but neither Edith nor George uttered a sound, only she put back her hand and caught his; he seated very tightly in the suspense, knowing well that a terrible



The Enchanted Spring.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

Once on a time there lived in the village of Briarwood a girl of ten years, called Jessie Linden. No shadows had as yet fallen on her young life, for she was the only child of an affectionate and judicious mother.

Jessie was a pretty little child, with long fair hair and blue sparkling eyes. She was sweet tempered and patient, and always ready with a smiling face and a willing hand to do everything required of her. She was tender-hearted and loving to all God's creatures, and would not knowingly harm even a little ant as it crawled along the ground. She loved the little birds that built their nests in the eaves of the piano, the cottage door, and the pretty cat and her brood of soft white balls of kitten were her especial favorites. Even the old dog, Nero, whose chief pleasure consisted in stretching his long legs just in the very places where he ought not to be, came in for a due share of her consideration. The children of the village loved her, because she was always good-humored and just in her intercourses with them, and so highly did they esteem her, that no pastime was pleasant without her presence.

But alas! for poor Jessie. Cruel death came to the cottage, and the dear mother was smitten. For many weeks, exhausted with a wasting fever, she languished on her sick bed, until one fatal morning a deathly paleness settled on the face where Jessie had never seen any expression but that of loving kindness, and before many hours were passed, the fluttering breath had ceased its play forever.

Thus was the gentle child left alone, for her father, long a wanderer in foreign lands, had been lost at sea on his returning voyage. Jessie would gaily have staid in her old home, where she would have been happy, but her Aunt Mary came from a distant part of the country, and saying the place was too lonely for a little girl, carried her away from the dear cottage, from her mother's grave, and from everything Jessie loved best in the whole world. Even her pretty pony that she had cared for so many years, who ran after her crying with all her might for her kind little mistress, had to be left behind.

Jessie was a sensible child. She grieved for her dear mother and her lost home, but she knew crying for their loss would not bring them back again, so she tried to give her affection to her new protectors.

The family, of which she was now about to become a member, consisted of her Uncle and Aunt George, and their daughter Phoebe, a girl about three years older than Jessie. Now this ought to have been a happy home for the child, with her father's only brother, and a thoughtful Uncle George himself, when he had her brought there; but Uncle George, as relate, was governed by his wife, who was a cross, self-willed woman; and her cousin Phoebe was a sharp-nosed, sharp-chinned girl, with a vixenish expression of countenance, who hated little Jessie from the moment she saw her, because of her soft blue eyes and the golden ringlets clustering about her shoulders. Poor Jessie! She little thought as she took her cousin's hand, looked appealingly up into her eyes and kissed her cheek, hoping they might be kinder, how bitterly she already hated her.

Jessie soon discovered that her new life with her relations was to be a hard one, and she tried to be a good girl, hoping in time she might be able to conquer the ill-will they seemed to bear her. She ran on errands, scrubbed the floors, washed the dishes, and did a great many other things too hard for a little girl like her to do. All this would have been so bad to bear had it not been accompanied with unkindness; for from morning to night it was Jessie here and Jessie there, with cross words as well as blows, until when bedtime came the tired little thing was glad to creep up to her attic room until the morning. Her food consisted of scraps left after the daily meals were over, which were divided between herself and the dog and cat.

Now Jessie loved all dumb animals, and was always glad to cultivate their acquaintance; but this dog and cat, if she patted them, they would snap at her—they were like the rest of the family.

It troubled Uncle George to see little Jessie so badly used, and he thoroughly repented having brought her from Briarwood, but when he told his wife if she did not treat the child better he would send her back again, he encountered such a terrible storm of words that he was glad to get out of the house, and he never interfered again, but consoled himself by filling his pockets with such things as children love, and giving them to Jessie whenever he could escape the watchful eyes of his wife and daughter. The poor little girl, accustomed to kindness all her life, felt the change sadly, and often, wakful at night with memories of her mother, nestled the pillow with her tears.

One warm summer morning, Phoebe had sent Jessie with a great pitcher to bring water from a spring, which was at some distance from the house, bidding her hurry quickly home. The child was tired. She sat down on the mossy bank, with the empty pitcher at her side. Her head reclined on her little hand, roughened by labor, and her eyes were filled with tears. Her thoughts had strayed back to her old life at Briarwood, so dear to her. She felt unhappy; and despite the chiding she knew would follow, she tarried long in this solitary place, so congenial to the feelings of her troubled heart.

Suddenly she heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and starting up, she began hurriedly to fill her pitcher, expecting every moment to see Phoebe at her post; but Phoebe did not come, and, pausing in her walk to listen, she thought the sound was from some one in distress.

Setting down her half-filled pitcher, she hastened up the bank, and beheld a feeble old woman vainly trying, by the aid of her staff, to support her tottering footsteps. In a moment Jessie was at her side, supporting her on her strong young arm, and speaking words of comfort with her kindly voice:

"Only a little farther, dear lady; just a few steps, and we will reach the spring. Lean more heavily on me, I am stronger than you think. And now we are here," she said, as they reached the rustic seat upon which she hastily spread her shawl, "and you may rest."

Jessie bathed the fainting woman's brow with water, fanned her with her broad hat, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her fully recovered.

The old lady sat for some time regarding the child with eyes full of kindness.

"You are a good child, Jessie," she said, as her hand touched caressingly the sunny ripples of the girl's hair, "and, therefore, ought to be happy, yet you were weeping bitterly when you came to me. Why is your countenance so sad?"

It had been so long since Jessie had heard the voice of kindness, that the old lady's words caused her tears to flow afresh. She buried her face in her hands, and in a voice of anguish, so pitiful in one so young, she cried:

"My mother, my dear, good mother, is dead, and I have none to love me!"

Then Jessie heard the old lady say, as her hand pressed upon her head:

"I once had you back to your mother, because she is in Heaven; but to-day you have helped me in my distress, and, as one good turn deserves another, you will not go without a reward."

Her concluding words fell so faintly on Jessie's ears that she looked quickly up to find she was alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HERE AND THERE.

"I NEVER eat fish," remarked a pompous individual the other day. "That accords for your do-it-easy in brains," was the rejoinder.

A LITTLE boy came to his mother recently and said, "Mamma, I should think if I eat fish, I must eat it, but I should get muddy inside when I drink."

"GRANDMA, why don't you keep a servant any longer?" "Well, you see, my child, I am getting old now and can't take care of myself. I have two sons, and I have to look after them."

"SEVEN-YEARS," whose father had lost his life in the war, was mourning the loss of his mother, who had died in Boston, and was a widow.

"I AM afraid it is raised goods," said the young lady to the shopkeeper.

"Oh, no, madam, impossible," replied the polite gentleman. "All our camel's hair shawls are made of pure silk, direct from the womb."

"A YOUNG lady in Boston refused to attend church because her new bonnet had not been sent home. "I have the devil and all his works in this," said she, "but I hate an old-fashioned bonnet more."

A WOMAN was told that some tables in the Ruston department of the Philadelphia Exhibition were made of malachite, exclaimed, "My goodness, I thought Malachite was one of the precious stones."

"I AM afraid it is raised goods," said the young lady to the shopkeeper.

"You are in for a shock it is!" "I oil," thundered the farmer. "No! Do you suppose that I'm a sardine, like you?"

AFTER looking at the picture of a spouting whale for some time, a little boy seemed to be in a state of狂喜 (delight). At his return to his uncle, and pointing to the picture, he said: "Oh, my! I didn't know he was a good long way."

THE Japanese are advancing in civilization. They usually favor conformed felons with the character of being dead.

An interesting murderer having been recently arrested, he was condemned to death.

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We therefore ask your assistance, either by transfer or stock of the Centennial Board of Finance or a subscription of money.

Those subscribing Centennial Stock have the option of taking, for each share of stock, admission for each share of stock transferred, or stock of the International Exhibition Company, at the rate of twenty-five dollars per share, will be issued for the amount realized.

In addition to the dividends that may be earned and declared, holders of stock of the International Exhibition Company will be entitled to a single ticket of admission annually for each ten dollars subscribed, or to an annual pass for each eight shares of stock.

Instead of stock, subscribers will have the option of taking, for each twenty-five dollars, a transferable season ticket for 1897, which will admit two adults, or one adult and two children each day.

Instead of transfer of Centennial Stock the present owners can retain the memorial certificate of the Centennial Board of Finance.

Believing that the support already given us that we will be sustained in our endeavor to secure a large number of subscribers to the International Exhibition, and in great success, we have determined to furnish complete arrangements for opening on May 10, 1897, but the measure of our success will depend to a great extent on our ability to attract the public.

That the Directors may know at once just what they can depend on, citizens who are willing to subscribe in cash or Centennial Stock are earnestly urged to notify either of the undersigned by letter or post-card, giving their address, and those wishing to transfer stock will be immediately furnished with blanks for transfer, and holders of single shares of Centennial Stock, who wish to transfer the same and receive Tickets of Admission as above, can make the transfer and receive the tickets by calling at 900 WALNUT STREET from 9 to 4, or they will be furnished with blank transfers by notifying the Financial Agent. In all cases of transfer of Centennial Stock it will be necessary to

return the original to the agent.

Those who have had the pleasure of meeting Jessie will be glad to learn that she has now found a home in a very comfortable family.

Her new home is a rich Englishman

husband, and their weight is now pointed

two hundred pounds, the younger fifty-seven thousand three hundred and forty-four pounds—the handsomest pair of paper-weight on record.

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

May 1, 1881.

## THE FASHION.

As the season approaches for this dress, gauze, tulle and the like, it will not be found inappropriate to indicate a leading and graceful model by which to make such.

### THE COSTUME PARIS.

is such an one. This dress is made with a poise. The foundation skirt may, if preferred, be of black silk; black silks will, however, do just as well. It is well to have a knife-pleating of silk at the bottom. Above this knife-pleating is a six-inch flounce of the garment, piped top and bottom with silk, and cut in square "tiers" at the bottom; the top is plain. This flounce is set in below each tier being made into a plait. A band of burlap laid in place turned upwards, or else alternating with silk plies, holds this flounce in place. Down the centre of this skirt in front, commencing at about eight inches below the waist-line, is a series of two inch folds, upturned, meeting in a point at the centre, and covering the central width, are disposed. On the each side are white stripes on the same which joins the middle width, and having a two-inch frill piped with silk on each side, which overtake the front width. When these second or side widths meet the back widths they are disposed in upturned folds five inches apart. This forms the skirt. The garment has the plain cutout from, with the long side seams from the shoulder to the waist part. The fronts are short, just reaching to where the trimming of the underpart begins, and slope away to the back. In the back are two long widths cut up the middle seam for twelve inches. Just above this open place are a few upturned folds, making a slight drapery for the back; otherwise it falls plainly and smoothly. A knife-pleating of either silk or grosgrain surrounds the entire lower edge of the poise. Two bows with double ends of wide ribbon are placed in the back of this garment, one just above the opening, the other half way down it, and catching it together. The neck is finished with a turn-down collar, of the material, piped with silk, inside of which is a narrow upright pleating of silk. Continuous with three overlapping folds, on the outer seam, ending in points below, and falling over the hand are two knife-pleatings of silk. We especially commend this model, and can furnish pattern on receipt of \$1, and two stamps for postage.

### BUSTIER.

or, as the French say "Cache-Poussiere," has been shown us. It can be made of satin, muslin, or other suitable fabric. Its form is that of a loose gored sacque, reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress. It has a double row of machine stitching around the edge and up the front. It is buttoned with large stamped pearl buttons, brooch being used, it loops diagonally. The trimming is unique consisting of two straps, setting in points on each end, which are wound diagonally around part of the straps. In the back these straps are dispensed on each side of the middle seam, leaving a space of three inches at the belt, and crossing the shoulders in the form of a bow. At the back these straps are even in length, falling six inches below the waist, the points being held down by two buttons, one above the other, on each one, a loop of the strap is six or seven inches above the end of the point, and held by a pearl buckle. In front the right strap extends down to seven or eight inches below the belt, and has a loop and point just as in the back. On the left hand side the strap and loop only extend to the belt. A very stylish effect is produced by this disposition of a novel trimming. Turned down collar, double-stitched on the edge by machine. Half loose sleeves with two buttons on outer edge of the cuff, and a strap with a smaller buckle than those used for the waist trimming, encircles the upper part of the cuff. Two deep pockets are placed on each of the front side seams, rather low down. They are trimmed with buttons—three on each.

We think this will be found a very comfortable garment for traveling use.

### ONCE AND KNIT.

Marie Maud and Duchess Devonshire bonnets are the choice for married ladies.

The new hat for grosgrain veils is sky or robin's egg blue, and is generally becoming to most complexions. All long veils are worn in what is termed Egyptian fashion—over the top of the hat, crossed behind, and brought round the neck like a scarf and tied.

Yellow, in all the different shades, from Mandarin to cream and lemon color, prevails.

Frog button gloves are the leading style.

Linen with lace and net lace—lace-trimmed, is growing very popular for summer dresses. It is shown in dark blue shades, and trimmed with silk or the same, or any shade of yellow.

Black lace veils, dotted with straw and even tiny gold spots are fashionable.

A sort of collarette or breast-piece, called the Mameluke, and composed of either muslin insertion and lace, or plaited lawn, or lace altpather, is very much in vogue.

Short caps of cashmere, or gray cashmere, are very popular. They are short in the back, ending in long pointed tabs in front, which are lapped one within the other.

Cheer lace is growing in popularity for trimming underwear, etc., and bias fair to rival the Tambour.

Equestriennes now wear very moderate habit skirts, the old fashion of long ones being past.

### OUR WORK TABLE.

#### OUR MODELS FOR THIS WEEK IS

##### THE KATALIN DRESS.

For a little girl of two to ten years of age. It is to be made of pique or Victoria, lace, and muslin graceful and simple. The number of yards required are from four and a half to six, depending upon the size of the child. The front has deep lace plastron from throat to hem laid down, which are placed a row of rather large pearl buttons. The side seams are dispensed like a sacque, and ample allowance is made for a loose easy fit over the hips. The back is arranged in the same way, being fastened under the bust-plate. A similar row of buttons trim this plastron, to those upon the front. The sleeves are a loose fitting costume, and have a deep ruffe of Maline embroidery as cuff. Two overlapping flounces of the same fabric as the skirt, white a similar ruffe is fitted on the neck to form a deep collar. A ruffe is worn low down on the hips. Patterns including directions for making, 40 cents.

### ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

**A.** New Haven, Ohio.—We can furnish you with the patterns for the basque and bodice, and two stamps for postage. The blouse will take three yards of twenty-seven inch goods. The overcast will require five yards of twenty-seven inch goods, and seven if trimmed with knife pleatings. These figures will be ample if you make the dress at home, probably your dressmaker will require less. We thank you very much for your kind words. We are always glad to aid our friends.

**Mrs. Ingles G., Alabama.**—Send bonnet pattern on this instant. Hope you will like it.

**Mrs. Little Vegi.**—We have not the description necessary for making the lace of which you speak, but will use all endeavor to procure it and let you know through this column. Are you not you are such a warm friend of mine?

**Miss Le Grand, Minnesota.**—The Turkish lace is made of long threads and is suitable for embroidery. We think it will also be used for trimming pieces and other white goods.

### MEMOR.

## AN ARAB'S LOGIC.

Through the wilderness of Vin  
Was guided by a faithful Bedouin;

And overcomes whosoever lie doves of gloom—  
Swept o'er the desert on his wings of gloom.

Or when the waters failed, and for their lack,  
The weary camels faltered in their tracks.

The skeptic noted that, with outstretched hands,

The Arab threw himself upon the sand,

And pressed his turbaned forehead to the ground.

"What for?" asked the captain who had heard him.

"Just to please me," answered Arthur.

"Very well, I will, my boy."

That evening, the two young ladies received an invitation to dine at the captain's table, which was nothing unusual, but where they had heretofore only met the captain, his wife, and the first mate, a young man named Charles Ward.

The Arab threw himself upon the sand,

And lay in wait—"Wherefore? Oh! my guide,

Prostrate thyself in this lone desert place,

And in thy courteous muffle up thy face!"

I know to worship God," the Arab said.

"To worship God and beg thy blessing said."

"A God! a God!" the sceptic laughed.

"Poor fool!

"The plain to see thou never went to school!"

"How dost thou know there was a God?"

"How do I know?" the Bedouin sprang.

His stately head, and on the speaker gazed—

A native dignity, a grave surprise,

Revealing the arches of his dusky eyes—

"How do I know that in the darkness west

There is no light?" the sceptic asked.

"How know? How? you demand."

"I'll tell you Cora," the Arab said.

"I do not know what you mean, Arthur."

"I'll tell you Cora. I once heard a remark of yours which I have always remembered.

It was heard before I was introduced to you,

on the pilot deck of the *Beauty*; you said,

"I never will make myself ridiculous by marrying a man with a conspicuous name."

I had rather live and die an old maid,

than be painted as Mrs. Jaybird, or as Chipmunk's wife."

"Now I do not wish to make you my dear,

my lady friends."

"I'll try, sir," answered he as they returned salutations.

Cora looked up quickly at her cousin, and her eyes said, "I tell you Cora."

Mamie said nothing, but thought, "Cora is certainly struck."

The supper passed very pleasantly, bridle-table interspersed the duties of the meal, and all at last arose, seeming well acquainted.

That evening Mamie's mother left her steamer, for the second time since the steamer left Buffalo, and required the services of her daughter, to assist her about the C. O.

Thus Arthur Vernon was left to accompany Cora Olmstead, and relieve the silver setting of a moonlight walk.

Very ably he executed his mission.

Days passed swiftly after that. No more tedium—no more sighs, or woes for the land. Captain Oliney missed Arthur at the pilot-house now, and would say to himself "Dear me, that boy is going to do just what I did; I know it."

The vessel bounding merrily along, reached the Strait of Mackinaw; where the vagabonds were again greeted by the close proximity of autumn-tinted trees and shrubs.

Soon Lake Michigan was reached. Only a single day of quiet passed in her waters.

At the change of the moon a storm broke upon them, which, though it did not last long, did not retard their course materially, and the passengers soon had the pleasure of seeing the distant spires of the City of Milwaukee, dimly appearing.

At about eight o'clock in the morning, the steamer *Beauty* entered the commodious harbor, and discharged its animate and inanimate freight.

Thus Arthur Vernon was left to accompany Cora Olmstead, and relieve the silver setting of a moonlight walk.

Arthur Vernon, the friend of the steamer *Beauty*, was it was very pleasant. The weather had been fine when the steamer left Buffalo, and had continued so. The monotony of a trip around the Lakes had been relieved by music and dancing on the grand salon, and walks of pleasure on the moonlit deck; still there were hours of ease, to the blithe spirits of the two young girls, occasioned by the everlasting companionship.

When Miss Cora made her emphatic asseverations, herself and her cousin Mamie had been standing in front of the wheel-house, watching the eddying water, fast being lefthanded by the sharp bows of the *Beauty* and moralizing on the problematic future.

Above them, and just behind, stood the captain of the boat; a tall man with long, dark whiskers, and a pair of piercing eyes.

His hand shaded them as he looked ahead, for the last dying rays of the setting sun were glinting the rippling water, making it as dazzling as a gold ribbed armor.

He was a man of middle age, with a frank, friendly, honest face, grave and dignified, and a steady, commanding bearing.

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY  
IN MAY.

BY PHILIP P. GARDNER.

The country, the country! I have been deceived by those of its pleasures which have belied me.

The poet what he writes, the philosopher say,

of all the beauties of the sweet-scented May—

the sun, the birds, and wreathes of gay flowers!

Oh mother, perfume as she walks with the hours!

—I rose with the dawn,

and marvelled to breathe the sweet incense of noon,

and then old mother, and wisdom their works are quite

severe.

I got my feet wet and all covered with dirt,

and a cold sweat thereat, and was drearily hurt,

but always turned out in the houses young,

and low dust and sticks as I talked, on my

potions.

There we were up, and wouldn't "keep mom,"

but made one in one corner written gracefully

and lovingly with a majestic capital A. Then

it appeared secretly and confoundingly in little letters.

There again it was, sprouting with buds and blossoms of delicate flourishes.

It was a simple name. It was an insignificant record; nevertheless the post seemed lost in a profound swoon as he glared on the speckled ink blotter. He murmured as he mused:

"Alice! Alice! my Alice?"

There was a sudden knock at the door.

The silent man was so entirely lost in his

dark dream that he did not even see the glimmering square of paper before him. He saw alone the precious name, Alice. All else to him appeared a black. He was in the blackest of caverns with the shining name he loved alone breaking, with letters of light, its utter, dark darkness. He did not perceive the door to open slowly. He was not aware of the presence of an elderly woman with a quiet, white face, standing near him like a good angel just

drawn.

She touched him on the shoulder.

"Good evening."

The dull glimmer of his lamp and the realities of things came back to him. He was once more in his murky chamber. He raised his head mechanically and beheld his landlady, Mrs. Emmons.

"O! mother is it you?" He smiled when he

saw her, and his face was more like the happy face in the portrait.

Mrs. Emmons drew up a chair and sat down.

Then she leaned forward and took the hands of the poet in her own.

"What makes you look so strange to-night?

How cold your hands are."

"Why? Do I look strange, mother?"

"You look tired. Why were you not in to tea?"

"I had a business engagement which kept me later than usual. What have you there, a letter?"

"I think it's the Gazette." She laid the paper on the table.

"Thank you, mother. You are very kind. Has there been no note or letter for me to-day?"

"I certain there has not. There, now, what does that dark look mean? — Why are you so gloomy to-night?"

"Listen to that!" exclaimed John, pettishly: "Thompson at his violin practices again. It is a pleasant, sounding sound, when one has a headache and heartache." He muttered the last speech almost inaudibly, and Mrs. Emmons did not understand its sad import.

"He's playing 'Don't you remember sweet Alice, Bob Bolt?' Mrs. Emmons was actually humming the tune of the old song, but she perceived an altered expression on the face of her lodger.

"How wild he looked," she said to herself.

"Mr. Thompson is a good musician, John."

"Is he?"

"I am very sorry if his music disturbs you; but how can I help it?"

"It's given me a headache already," said John; "I'm in no humor to-night to listen to such wailing! It will drive me mad! I'm going out."

"Stop!" said the good woman, and she caught the impetuous young man by the arm as he rose to go. "Stop! sit down; you'll not go out!" I see you are not at all well. Now tell me what's the matter?"

John looked at the woman with wild, wide eyes. His face was sad again.

"Only a touch of envy perhaps. I was thinking of Mr. Mason, the carpenter, who rooms over-head. What a happy man he must be."

"Mr. Mason, you mean; well why? how say?"

"He ought to be happy," answered John; "he dwells on me. Wherever I meet him he is either whistling, singing, or laughing. He goes to his blessed mechanical tool, — tool for the hands, not toll for the brain. He lives quietly; sleeps soundly. He is not troubled with headache or a wearisome work. He is a comparatively happy man."

"But are not you happy?" The woman's face was indeed sauntly. She leaned forward to catch his answer, and her countenance seemed irradiated. There was an expression of pity and a sad, tender smile upon her quiet, white face.

"My dear Eugene, all I remember of my early life is an indistinct panorama of unhappy scenes. I have passed through a fiery furnace of adversity. It is strange that I have not told you all my pains and pleasures, my follies and dreams long before this, for I am much given to prating of my foolish moods. How I yearn for your love. I was created with a woman's yearning for love. More especially do I desire it in this Editorial Inferno. Yourself and Mrs. Emmons, with which lady I have boarded for the past four years, are indeed my only true friends. Mrs. E. is a widow; a gentle, loving, lovable woman, with a quiet, white face, like one of Raphael's Madonnas. Indeed, I always peer carefully, expecting to behold the delicate halo floating above her saintly countenance. Mrs. Emmons has been a mother to me. I can recollect no one else whom I have so regarded. I do not remember my parents. The old, sad feeling is coming over me. I have not heart to write. I feel as though there was some dark, terrible fate linking for me. I know there is a Lachesis somewhere to answer, To-day—

There was a great blot here, seeming like a tear drop, and thus the fragmentary burst abruptly ended.

John Melville had just entered his study. He was possessed with a strange demon on this night. His face was wanly pale, and his eyes glared lustreless, heavy with some inexplicable sadness.

He had taken up his pen with an evident intention of completing his letter, but he was now sketching unorthodox tracery—a work of pen strokes, arabesque and idle flourishes on the sheet of paper before him; the black spider-like lines on the letter sheet there seeming the very reality of the webs and webs of his reverie, twisted and twined as though spun out from the end of his pen. He was, however, on this very night too nervous to remain for any long time silently weaving this ink web on the paper. He flung his pen away, impetuously. He seized his letter with his free hands and deliberately tore it in pieces; then hurying his white face between his white palms he sat as though frozen.

There was a large photographic portrait over the mantel piece in his room. It was the face of John Melville himself. It appeared now in its dusky mask like the happy ghost of the happy man. There was a jolly countenance, a genial smile on the face of the painted John Melville. Those imaged lips were uttering:

"Life is beautiful. God's good. There is in the hereafter, for a glorious harvest!"

It seemed strange when the real John Melville, the dark mooded, unhappy John Melville of this night, thawed from his frozen silence into tears, turned and muttered, as though of his cheery image in the antique mirror—the mantelpiece:

"I am poor devil!"

A picture seemed always to smile.

The reply was only a smile.

Only the strong-voiced man turned his portrait to his table, and the picture of the class of omnipotence.

Mrs. Emmons had wretchedly shrewd enough to discern that her young boarder, John Melville, was suffering from a hoarse

and indigent letter beginning "Dear Jessie;" a poem, "The Weary Way;" a song; a moral of white paper with the one word "Despair" written upon it; a package of manuscript labelled "Humorous;" a scrap-book; clippings newspaper clippings, and a confusion of pamphlets and letters.

He tossed those papers over one after another evanescently and with the manner of a madman. In the course of his exploration he came suddenly upon a faded blue ink-blotter. When he held this trifles, his expression changed. He spoke boldly:

"There's a pretty young girl who has been making all this mischief, John."

She awaited his reply with a smile.

John's face crimsoned a moment but as suddenly became pale again—ghostly pale. He pressed his hand to his forehead under pretence of pushing back the flowing hair, but there was an agony in his movement. He snatched his brow with his palm, then recovering himself, he imagined that Mrs. Emmons had not understood his discomposure, he said quickly with a forced laugh:

"You do believe in the total depravity of our sex?"

Mrs. Emmons saw his emotion. She comprehended very easily, being a woman herself who had suffered, a woman who had loved and lost, how sensitive, handsome yet poor young man might be made melancholy through much love for a woman.

She arose and clasped her arms around his neck and said tenderly:

"Tell me all, dear John; I will help you!"

John Melville turned his pale face toward her and said with a sob of desperate energy:

"Sit there, mother; I will tell you all, for I know you are my friend. Two years ago, I became acquainted with my Alice, Alice Wilson, the daughter of a rich manufacturer in this city. I was a poor enough devil then. I found Alice to be a sensible, good girl. I loved her dearly. I found out she loved me. Then it became my fate to discover that her parents were opposed to my visiting their daughter. Three months ago I was told to forbear paying attention to my beloved. I was hoisted at as the penny-a-liner. I was cried down as a scolded child.

At this moment Mr. Thompson ran in with his lamp and placed it on the table. He was very much agitated, poor fellow! In his hurry and worry he had brought in his violin. He was roughly jostled aside by an impetuous black-bearded man who rushed into the room.

"Woman, it can't be so!" He glared at a poor girl who was crying in one corner. He seemed desolate.

But when he caught sight of a young face, a vivid, staring face, that stared at the ceiling with its wide, blank, filmy eyes, he averted his gaze and groaned, groaned audibly.

"Great God! but this is pitiful!"

Then he seemed wrought into a sudden frenzy, for he exclaimed madly:

"Stand aside here. This is a rich man. He don't scoff at poor, white face. This man has a fortune of seventy-five thousand dollars. I ought to know. I came here on purpose to tell him of his luck. My name is Eugene Phillips. He was my friend. I loved him. I love him. Oh! Almighty Father, can this be a reality?"

He sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. They carried Mrs. Emmons, who was in a deep swoon, into her own chamber. One by one the awe-stricken lodgers and servants silently left the room of death.

Eugene Phillips was alone.

He arose and bending over the body of the young poet, he took those cold, clammy hands from their death clutch on the newspaper, and caressed them tenderly.

"My poor, dear friend, I have found out your life history. Your fate has been melancholy. Oh! if your spirit is looking down upon me now, let it bear witness to me: John Melville, brother John, beloved John, the kindest of all, was born soon after the great fire of London."

"That I am sure they were not," replied Captain Jervis; "and not for a great many years after the fire was forgotten. Things are now forgotten in London, however—that I must admit."

On the 30th ult. at the residence of the bride's parents Mr. Charles Templeton to Miss Alice Wilson, both of this city. No card.

There were valid gueses as to the cause of the poet's death. The doctors said it was heart disease.

Clerical Embarrassments.

An Episcopal clergyman in Connecticut relates a couple of incidents applying to the embarrassments under which gentlemen of the cloth are often placed, provided they are gifted with a keen appreciation of the humor.

Every one has felt a tendency on occasions of solemnity to laugh at the slightest incident calculated to provoke mirth, and the worthy rector of ——— parish shares this feeling in common with his lay brethren. From his elevated position of course every movement among his hearers is noticeable, and he confesses that it often requires an effort to preserve a sedate countenance when witnessing the tricks of restless urchins or the actions of eccentric individuals.

The instances to which he refers are particularly amusing due to the presence of dogs which appear to have an unaccountable liking for churches. During the early part of the services on a Sunday in Lent, a saucy-looking frisky little dog slipped along up the main aisle and encountered a hat just outside of one of the pew doors. He first sniffed at it curiously, then nosed it around for a moment, and finally picked it up in his mouth, shook it vigorously. By this time several persons had noticed the dog and the hat, and the hat was still hanging by the string.

"That I am sure they were not," replied Captain Jervis; "and not for a great many years after the fire was forgotten. Things are now forgotten in London, however—that I must admit."

Mrs. F. was now convinced that the sounds and sights she had heard of about the house were not imaginary; but she was more inclined still to agree with Captain Jervis, that it was impossible, with prudence, to leave the house; they would remain in it and trust to Providence that they would be kept from injury.

After this third apparition of the little woman in red, the sounds of quarrelling voices and of a rich music-shop opposite, and the sun, surly as it is, shone on the windows, and shows the books and the folio's and the piano; that is some comfort. But, otherwise, the houses do look very old and dingy, as if they had been built soon after the great fire of London."

"That I am sure they were not," replied Captain Jervis; "and not for a great many years after the fire was forgotten. Things are now forgotten in London, however—that I must admit."

John Melville had been a student of Sophie's school for nearly two years, and he had been a good boy, though not a brilliant one.

"I am poor devil!"

"I am well, dear John; I will go and bring you up some wine. Look more cheerful! You are too young to grieve!"

"Enough to feel pain, mother! Twenty-six to-day!"

"To-day—what?"

"My birthday."

"Birthdays?" There was a little tear trickling down the face of the good woman. "And don't you tell me anything about it! You don't love me! you don't tell mother anything!"

"It's not me! But I don't deserve to have you as my mother!"

"I am quite well! But I don't deserve to have you as my mother!"

"I am well, dear John; I will go and bring you up some wine. Look more cheerful!"

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12-24  
WEEKLY AND MONTHLY

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